1311

THE Works OF Wm. Hogarth

VOL. I.

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THE

WORKS

OF

William Hogarth,

1311

(INCLUDING THE 'ANALYSIS OF BEAUTY,')

ELUCIDATED

BY DESCRIPTIONS, CRITICAL, MORAL, AND HISTORICAL;

(FOUNDED ON THE MOST APPROVED AUTHORITIES.)

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE.

BY THOMAS CLERK.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

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THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI SARASVATI MAHAL.

PREFACE.

THE unrivalled excellency of Hogarth's pictures has too long been acknowledged *now* to require any additional commendation. The reasons for offering this new impression to the public are briefly the following.

IN THE FIRST PLACE, the artist, editor, and proprietor beg leave to observe, that the very high price at which the best editions of Hogarth's works are sold must necessarily preclude many from the acquisition of them; while the *impossibility* of procuring the earlier copies of his plates, (originally published at a moderate expense,) cannot but have a similar tendency.

SECONDLY, the very inferior impressions given in some editions of Hogarth, exhibit only an inadequate idea of the intended designs; although the descriptions which accompany them unquestionably deserve a more handsome garb. The editor and proprietor advert more immediately to the late Mr John Ireland's edition, whose observations on Hogarth are very

far above any commendation *they* can bestow; but the plates are of very inferior execution: they originally accompanied Dr Trusler's narrative, and were merely retouched for Mr Ireland's work.

THIRDLY, even the more recent impression of our admired painter's works, under the direction of Mr Nichols, excellent as it confessedly is in many instances, yet, from its extended plan of publication, is inaccessible to many purchasers. The proprietor therefore apprehended, that there was ample room for offering the edition now completed; and the success with which its progressive publication in parts was honoured, has fully justified his conclusions.

It were unnecessary, and perhaps invidious, to review the different illustrations of Hogarth which have hitherto been circulated. Let it suffice to say, that the editor has spared no labour in searching after every the minutest information which was calculated to throw any light upon our artist's productions. Of Lord Orford's account of Hogarth, as well as the labours of Dr Trusler, the late Mr John Ireland, and Mr Nichols, the editor has availed himself; he has also succeeded in gleaning various anecdotes, &c. from the "*Gentleman's Magazine*," and other periodical publications contemporary with the painter. Trusler (it is well known) was assisted

in his "*Hogarth moralized*," by Mrs H., the artist's widow, and he has preserved many little traits which would have otherwise been totally lost. Dr T.'s commentary is *moral enough*, and, for the most part, both dull and languid; but successive commentators, illustrators, and elucidators have been more amply indebted to him than they have cared to acknowledge.

A further advantage peculiar to this edition is, that it contains the whole of the celebrated "Analysis of Beauty," printed verbatim from the author's own edition, the *errata only being corrected*. The original paging has been preserved, in order to facilitate reference to that work.

LASTLY, to the plates themselves (one of which is from a picture of Hogarth's, *never before engraved*) the public will doubtless award their just desert. They are the production of a young artist, whom admiration alone of Hogarth's consummate talents induced to undertake the arduous task: it is therefore confidently hoped, that they will not only bear the test of critical investigation, but prove equal to many more expensive editions of Hogarth's works.

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THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S

SOME ACCOUNT

OF

WILLIAM HOGARTH.

WHEN a man has distinguished himself by any extraordinary efforts of genius, and gained the summit of popular fame, we naturally wish to be acquainted with the most interesting circumstances of his life and character: and even those circumstances which may be trifling in themselves, and which by no means would bear to be recorded, did they refer to persons of little fame, yet, when connected with a character that hath excited our admiration, or with works that we have contemplated with delight, they derive a kind of adventitious consequence from their relation, and are sought after with infinitely more avidity than greater matters of lesser men. *

* Mon. Rev. vol. 65, p. 443.

"His works are his history," Lord Orford has appositely remarked concerning this great and original genius: * and as the design of the present volume is to elucidate the productions of his inimitable pencil, the life of Hogarth will be found, *in itself*, to present but few incidents comparatively which can with propriety be here recorded.

William Hogarth is stated by Mr Nichols (in his interesting "*Biographical Anecdotes,*") on the authority of Dr Burn, to have been descended from a family originally from Kirby Thore [Kirkby Thore] in Westmoreland. Of his father we know but little, excepting that he was the third son of an honest yeoman, who possessed a small tenement in the vale of Bampton (a village distant about twelve miles from Kendal), in the same county, where, for some time, he kept a school. Coming, however, to London, and being a man of considerable learning, he was employed as a corrector of the press. A Dictionary in Latin and English, which he composed for the use of schools, still exists in MS.

William was born in 1697 or 1698, according to some accounts, in the parish of St Martin, Ludgate, but according to Mr Nichols,

* Anecdotes of Painting, Works, vol. III. p. 458.

in the parish of St Bartholomew; to which Mr. N. adds, he was afterwards a benefactor, as far as lay in his power. He seems to have received no other education than that of a mechanic, and his outset in life was unpropitious. Young Hogarth was bound apprentice to a silversmith (whose name was Gamble) of some eminence; by whom he was confined to that branch of the trade which consists in engraving arms and cyphers upon plate. While thus employed, he gradually acquired some knowledge of drawing; and, before his apprenticeship expired, he exhibited some talent for caricature. "He felt the impulse of genius, and that it directed him to painting, though little apprised at that time of the mode Nature had intended he should pursue." The following circumstance gave the first indication of the talents, with which Hogarth afterwards proved himself to be so liberally endowed.

During his apprenticeship, he set out one Sunday, with two or three companions, on an excursion to Highgate. The weather being hot, they went into a public-house; where they had not long been, before a quarrel arose between some persons in the same room. One of the disputants struck the other on the head

with a quart pot, and cut him very much. The blood running down the man's face, together with his agony from the wound (which had distorted his features into a most hideous grin), presented Hogarth with too laughable a subject to be overlooked. He drew out his pencil, and produced on the spot one of the most ludicrous figures that ever was seen. What made this piece the more valuable was, that it exhibited an exact likeness of the man, with a portrait of his antagonist, and the figures, in caricature, of the principal persons gathered round him.

On the expiration of his apprenticeship, he entered into the academy in St Martin's Lane, and studied drawing from the life: but in this his proficiency was inconsiderable; nor would he ever have surpassed *mediocrity* as a painter, if he had not penetrated through external form to character and manners. "It was character, passions, the soul, that his genius was given him to copy."

The engraving of arms and shop-bills seems to have been his first employment by which to obtain a decent livelihood. He was, however, soon engaged in decorating books, and furnished sets of plates for several publications of the time. An edition of *Hudibras* afforded him

the first subject suited to his genius: yet he felt so much the shackles of other men's ideas, that he was less successful in this task than might have been expected. In the mean time, he had attained the use of the brush as well as of the pen and graver; and, possessing a singular facility in seizing a likeness, he acquired considerable employment as a portrait-painter. Shortly after his marriage (which will presently be noticed) he informs us that he commenced painter of small conversation pieces, from twelve to fifteen inches in height; the novelty of which caused them to succeed for a few years. One of the earliest productions of this kind, which distinguished him as a painter, is supposed to have been a representation of Wanstead Assembly; the figures in it were drawn from the life, and without burlesque. The faces were said to bear great likenesses to the persons so drawn, and to be rather better coloured than some of his more finished performances. Grace, however, was no attribute of his pencil; and he was more disposed to aggravate, than to soften, the harsh touches of nature.

A curious anecdote is recorded of our artist during the early part of his practice as a portrait-painter. A nobleman, who was uncommonly ugly and deformed, sat for his picture,

which was executed in his happiest manner, and with singularly rigid fidelity. The peer, disgusted at this counterpart of his dear self, was not disposed very readily to pay for a reflector that would only insult him with his deformities. After some time had elapsed, and numerous unsuccessful applications had been made for payment, the painter resorted to an expedient, which he knew must alarm the nobleman's pride. He sent him the following card :—" Mr Hogarth's dutiful respects to Lord ——, finding that he does not mean to have the picture which was drawn for him, is informed again of Mr Hogarth's pressing necessities for the money. If, therefore, his lordship does not send for it in three days, it will be disposed of, with the addition of a tail and some other appendages, to *Mr Hare, the famous wild beast man*; Mr H. having given that gentleman a conditional promise of it for an exhibition picture, on his lordship's refusal." This intimation had its desired effect; the picture was paid for, and committed to the flames.*

" Hogarth's talents, however, for original comic design gradually unfolded themselves, and various public occasions produced displays of his ludicrous powers."

* Nichols's Anecdotes, p. 24, 4to. edit.

In the year 1730, he clandestinely married the only daughter of Sir James Thornhill,* the

* This distinguished painter was a native of Melcombe-Regis, in the county of Devon, where he was born in 1675 or 1676. Being attached to the study of the fine arts, he applied himself sedulously to that of painting, which he practised with great success. He was appointed serjeant-painter by Queen Anne, by whom (as well as by Prince George of Denmark) he was patronised. In 1719-20, he was appointed serjeant-painter to King George I. who soon after knighted him. Sir James Thornhill continued in extensive professional practice for several years. His character (*supposed to be written by Hogarth himself*) is thus described in the fourth vol. of the Gentleman's Magazine (for May 1734):

[April 13, died] " Sir James Thornhill, Knight, the greatest history-painter this kingdom ever produced : witness his elaborate works in Greenwich Hospital, the cupola of St Paul's, the altar-pieces of All-Souls College in Oxford, and in the church of Weymouth, where he was born ; a cieling in the palace of Hampton Court, by order of the late Earl of Halifax : his other works shine in divers other noblemen's and gentlemen's houses. His later years were employed in copying the rich cartoons of Raphael, in the gallery of Hampton Court, which, though in decay, will be revived by his curious pencil, not only in their full proportions, but in many other sizes and shapes he in a course of years had drawn them. He was chosen representative in the two last parliaments for Weymouth : [Mr Noble says, *Melcombe Regis*, for which he sat in 1722 and 1727,] and, having by his own industry acquired a considerable estate, repurchased the seat of his ancestors, which he re-edified and embellished. He was not only by patents appointed history-painter to their late and present majesties [Queen Anne and George I.], but

painter, who was not easily reconciled to her union with an obscure artist, as Hogarth then comparatively was. Shortly after, he commenced his first great series of moral paintings, "*The Harlot's Progress*:" some of these were, at Lady Thornhill's suggestion, designedly placed by Mrs Hogarth in her father's way, in order to reconcile him to her marriage. Being informed by whom they were executed, Sir James observed, "The man who can produce such representations as these, can also maintain a wife without a portion." He soon after, how-

serjeant-painter, by which he was to paint all the royal palaces, coaches, barges, and the royal navy. This late patent he surrendered in favour of his only son, John Thornhill, Esq. He left no other issue but one daughter, now the wife of Mr William Hogarth, admired for his curious miniature conversation-paintings. Sir James has left a most valuable collection of pictures and other curiosities, and died in the 57th (58th) year of his age."—*Gent. Mag.* vol. IV. p. 274.

Some account of the family of Thornhill (which was originally settled at the place of that name in the county of Dorset) may be found in Hutchins's 'History of Dorsetshire,' vol. I. pp. 410, 413, and vol. II. pp. 185, 246, 451, 452. Lord Orford has given a portrait of this celebrated artist, in his Anecdotes of Painters (Works, vol. III. p. 417) by Brotherton. Another, painted by Highmore, and engraved by Faber, was published in 1732; beside which, two others may be seen, one in D'Argenville's "*Peintres*," and two in Mr S. Ireland's "*Graphic Illustrations of Hogarth*." Noble's Continuation of Granger's Biographical History of England, vol. III. pp. 369, 370.

THE TANJORE M... ...TI MAHAL. *

ever, relented, and became generous to the young couple, with whom he lived in great harmony until his death, which took place in 1733.

In 1733 his genius became conspicuously known. The third scene of the *Harlot's Progress* introduced him to the notice of the great: at a Board of Treasury, (which was held a day or two after the appearance of that print,) a copy of it was shown by one of the lords, as containing, among other excellencies, a striking likeness of Sir John Gonson, a celebrated magistrate of that day, well known for his rigour towards women of the town. It gave universal satisfaction. From the Treasury each lord repaired to the print-shop for a copy of it: and Hogarth rose completely into fame.

Upwards of twelve hundred subscribers entered their names for the plates, which were copied and imitated on fan mounts, and in a variety of other forms; and a pantomime taken from them was represented at the theatre. This performance, together with several subsequent ones of a similar kind, have placed Hogarth in the rare class of original geniuses and inventors. He may be said to have created an entirely new species of painting, which may be termed the *moral comic;* and may be considered rather as a writer of comedy with a pencil, than as a

painter. If catching the manners and follies of an age, *living as they rise*—if general satire on vices,—and ridicule familiarised by strokes of nature, and heightened by wit,—and the whole animated by proper and just expressions of the passions,—be comedy, Hogarth composed comedies as much as Molière. Such is Lord Orford's remark on another piece indeed (Marriage à-la-Mode) more particularly; but which he touched with his creative pencil.

The ingenious, the amiable, but eccentric Lavater thus characterises the productions of Hogarth:

"You must not expect much of majesty from Hogarth. This painter rose not to the level of the really beautiful: I should be tempted to call him the *false Prophet of Beauty.* But what INEXPRESSIBLE RICHNESS *in the comic or moral scenes of life!* No one ever better characterised mean physiognomies, the debauched manners of the dregs of the people, the excessive heightening of ridicule, the *horrors of vice.*" *

* Hunter's edit. of Lavater's Physiognomy, vol. II. p. 414. As the French, from which the above passage is translated, is peculiarly animated, we subjoin it for the satisfaction of our readers.—" Il ne faut pas attendre beaucoup de noblesse de Hogarth. Le vrai beau n'étoit guère à la portée de ce peintre, que je serois tenté d'appeller le *faux prophète de la*

Lord Orford has stated, that it is much to Hogarth's honour that, in so many scenes of satire, it is obvious that ill nature did not guide his pencil: and, that if he indulged his spirit of ridicule in personalities, it never (*rarely* it should have been said) proceeded beyond sketches and drawings: his prints touched the folly, but spared the person. At an early period of his career, however, Hogarth ventured (in 1732) to attack Mr Pope, in the plate called TASTE, which contained a view of the gate of Burlington-house, with Pope white-washing it, and bespattering the Duke of Chandos's coach. This plate was intended as a satire on the poet, on Mr Kent the architect, and the Earl of Burlington: but Hogarth, being apprehensive that the poet's pen was as pointed as the artist's graver, recalled the impressions, and destroyed the plate.

Soon after his marriage, Hogarth resided at South Lambeth; and being intimate with Mr Tyers, the then spirited proprietor of Vauxhall Gardens, he contributed much to the improve-

beauté. Mais quelle richesse inexprimable dans les scenes comiques ou morales de la vie! Personne n'a mieux caractérisé les physionomies basses, les moeurs crapuleuses de la liè du peuple, les charges du ridicule, les horreurs de vice."—*Essai sur la Physionomie*, ed. 1783, seconde partie, p. 370.

ment of those gardens; and (Mr Nichols states) first suggested the hint of embellishing them with paintings, some of which were the productions of his own comic pencil. Among these paintings were "The four parts of the Day," either by Hogarth or after his designs.*

Two years after the publication of his "Harlot's Progress," appeared the "*Rake's Progress*," which, Lord Orford remarks, (though perhaps superior,) had not so much success from want of notoriety; nor is the print of the Arrest equal in merit to the others." The curtain, however, was now drawn aside; and his genius stood displayed in its full lustre.

The Rake's Progress was followed by several works in series, viz. Marriage à-la-Mode, Industry and Idleness, the Stages of Cruelty, and Election Prints. To these may be added, a great number of single comic pieces, all of which present a rich source of amusement:—Such as, "The March to Finchley, Modern Midnight Conversation, the Sleeping Congregation, the Gates of Calais,† Gin Lane, Beer

* M. R. vol. 65, p. 446, note.†—For this and some other assistance, Mr Tyers presented our artist with a gold admission ticket for himself and friends.

† The following amusing adventures are connected with this picture. Shortly after the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, Hogarth went over to France; and during his residence in that country, he expressed the most marked disapprobation of

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Street, Strolling Players in a Barn, the Lecture, Laughing Audience, Enraged Musician," &c. &c. which, being introduced and described in the subsequent part of this work, it would far exceed the limits, necessarily assigned to these brief memoirs, *here* minutely to characterise.

All the works of this original genius are, in fact, lectures of morality. They are satires of particular vices and follies, expressed with such strength of character, and such an accumulation of minute and appropriate circumstances, that

every thing he saw. Regardless of the advice of a friend, who entreated him to be more cautious in his public remarks, he treated the gentleman who offered these prudential considerations, as a pusillanimous wretch, unworthy of residence in a free country; and made his monitor the butt of his ridicule for several evenings afterwards. At length (Mr Nichols continues) this unseasonable pleasantry was completely extinguished by an adventure which befel the artist at Calais. While he was drawing the gate of that city, he was apprehended as a spy, and carried before the commandant, who told him, that if the treaty of peace had not actually been signed, he should have been obliged immediately to have hung him up on the ramparts. He was then committed a prisoner to his landlord, M. Grandsire, on his promising Hogarth should not go out of the house till he was about to embark for England. Two guards were appointed to convey him on ship-board: nor did they quit him till he was three miles from shore. They then spun him round like a top on the deck, and told him he was at liberty to proceed on his voyage without further attendance or molestation.—Nichols's "*Biographical Anecdotes.*"

they have all the truth of nature heightened by the attractions of wit and fancy. Nothing is without a meaning, but all either conspires to the great end, or forms an addition to the lively drama of human manners. His single pieces, however, are rather to be considered as studies, not perhaps for the professional artist, but for the searcher into life and manners, and for the votary of true humour and ridicule. No *furniture* of the kind can vie with Hogarth's prints as a fund of inexhaustible amusement, yet conveying at the same time a fund of important morality.

Not contented, however, with the just reputation which he had acquired in his proper department, Hogarth (whose mind was not a little vain) attempted to shine in the highest branch of the art,—serious history-painting. "From a contempt," says Lord Orford, "of the ignorant virtuosi of the age, and from indignation at the impudent tricks of picture-dealers, whom he saw continually recommending and vending vile copies to bubble collectors, and from having never studied, indeed having seen, few good pictures of the great Italian masters, he persuaded himself that the praises bestowed on those glorious works were nothing but the effects of prejudice. He talked this language till he believed it; and having heard it often

asserted (as is true) that time gives a mellowness to colours and improves them, he not only denied the proposition, but maintained that pictures only grew black and worse by age, not distinguishing between the degrees in which the proposition might be true or false. He went farther: he determined to rival the ancients, and, unfortunately, chose one of the finest pictures in England as the object of his competition. This was the celebrated Sigismonda of Sir Luke Schaub, now in the possession of the Duke of Newcastle, said to be painted by Correggio, probably by Furino."—"It is impossible to see the picture," (continues his lordship,) "or read Dryden's inimitable tale, and not feel that the same soul animated both. After many essays, Hogarth at last produced *his* Sigismonda,—but no more like Sigismonda than I to Hercules. Not to mention the wretchedness of the colouring, it was the representation of a maudlin strumpet, just turned out of keeping, and with eyes red with rage and usquebaugh, tearing off the ornaments her keeper had given her. To add to the disgust raised by such vulgar expression, her fingers were bloodied by her lover's heart,* that lay before her like that of a

* This circumstance has been questioned by Mr Nichols, in his Biographical Anecdotes of our artist: but Lord Orford has replied that, at the time *he* saw Hogarth's picture, when

sheep for her dinner. None of the sober grief, no dignity of suppressed anguish, no involuntary tear, no settled meditation on the fate she meant to meet, no amorous warmth turned holy by despair;—in short, all was wanting that should have been there;—all was there that such a story would have banished from a mind capable of conceiving such complicated woe;—woe so sternly felt, and yet so tenderly. Hogarth's performance was more ridiculous than any thing he had even ridiculed. He set the price of 400*l.* on it, and had it returned on his hands by the person for whom it was painted. He took subscriptions for a plate of it, but had the sense at last to suppress it."*

This severe criticism of Lord Orford's has been spiritedly animadverted on by Mr Ireland, (" Hogarth Illustrated," vol. III. p. 207). Walpole's critique, he observes, did not appear till after Hogarth's death; but, when he states Hogarth's performance to be more ridiculous than any thing the artist had ever ridiculed, it ceases to be criticism. The best reply to so extravagant an assertion is the original picture, now in possession of Messrs. Boydell, which,

it was *first* painted, the fingers of Sigismonda *were bloody*. It is not unlikely that the painter afterwards altered this part.

* Lord Orford's Works, vol. III. 461.

though not well coloured, and rather French, is marked with mind, and would, probably, have been better, had it not been so often altered on the suggestions of different *critical friends.*

Adverting to this failure of Hogarth's, the late Sir Joshua Reynolds has the following appropriate observations upon our artist: "Who, with all his extraordinary talents, was not blessed with this knowledge of his own deficiency, or of the bounds which were set to the extent of his own powers. After this admirable artist had spent the greater part of his life in an active, busy, and, we may add, successful attention to the ridicule of life;—after he had invented a new species of dramatic painting, in which, probably, he will never be equalled; and had stored his mind with infinite materials to explain and illustrate the domestic and familiar scenes of common life, which were generally, and ought to have been always, the subject of his pencil;—he very imprudently, or rather presumptuously, attempted the great historical style, for which his previous habits had by no means prepared him: he was indeed so entirely unacquainted with the principles of this style, that he was not aware that any artificial preparation was even necessary. It is

to be regretted that any part of the life of such a genius should be fruitlessly employed. Let his failure teach us not to indulge ourselves in the vain imagination, that by a momentary resolution we can give either dexterity to the hand, or a new habit to the mind."*

It may be necessary to state, that the gentleman for whom this picture was originally painted, was the late Earl (then Sir Richard) Grosvenor. An engraving of Hogarth's Sigismonda, by Mr B. Smith, was published by Messrs Boydell in the year 1792. A reduced copy is given in Mr John Ireland's Hogarth Illustrated, vol. I. p. lxxxviii.

Notwithstanding Hogarth professed to decry literature, he felt an inclination to communicate to the public his ideas on a topic connected with his art: and we have now to consider our artist in the novel character of an author.

The following are the circumstances which led to the publication of his celebrated "Analysis of Beauty, written with a view to fix the fluctuating ideas of taste."

Finding his prints were become sufficiently numerous to form a volume, Hogarth, in the year 1745, engraved his own portrait as a

* Sir Joshua Reynolds's Works, 4th edit. vol. II. p. 164.

frontispiece. In one corner of the plate he introduced a painter's palette, on which was a waving line, inscribed "*The Line of Beauty.*" * This created much curious speculation, drew upon him a numerous band of opponents, and involved him in so many disputes, that he at length determined to write a book, explain his system, and silence his adversaries. Accordingly, his "Analysis of Beauty" made its appearance in one volume quarto, in the year 1753. Its leading principle is, that beauty fundamentally consists in that union of uniformity which is found in the curve or waving line; and that round, swelling figures are most pleasing to the eye. This principle he illustrates by many ingenious remarks and examples, and also by some plates characteristic of his genius. This work being now of rare occurrence, an accurate copy of it, illustrated with Hogarth's engravings, will be found in a subsequent part of this publication.

In the publication of his Analysis, Hogarth acknowledges himself indebted to his friends for assistance. "These appear" (for some difference exists in the opinion of his biographers) "to have been Benjamin Hoadley, M. D. who corrected the *language* in part, (he pro-

* Ireland's Hogarth, III. 100.

fessed not to understand the subject,*) and was succeeded by the celebrated political writer, Mr Ralph, who was a neighbour of Hogarth's at Chiswick,† and who volunteered his friendly services on this occasion. Dr Morell is said, by Mr Nichols, to have completed what Mr Ralph left unfinished; though the learned doctor's labours have, by others, been restricted to the translation of a *single Greek passage*. The Rev. Mr Townley corrected the preface of this work; the publication of which afforded much pleasure to the author's family, "as the frequent disputes he had with his coadjutors, in the progress of the work, did not much harmonize with his disposition."—"It is amazing (we borrow the sprightly remarks of the Monthly Reviewers‡) that with all this cookery, and so many cooks, the entertainment which this excellent artist intended for the public was not totally spoiled. Hogarth often declared, that he found "no other man's words could completely express his ideas." The work

* Nichols's Biographical Anecdotes, and Monthly Rev. (O. S.) vol. 65, p. 448, notes.

† About the year 1743, or soon after, Hogarth (having, as his biographer remarks, sacrificed enough to fame and fortune) purchased a house at Chiswick, where he usually spent the principal part of the summer season, occasionally, however, visiting his house in Leicester Fields.

‡ Vol. 65, p. 449.

MAHARAJA SERFOJI ... LIBRARY

is, nevertheless, (we will venture to pronounce,) the most masterly performance of the kind that ever was produced in the English language." *

As Hogarth's views differed so essentially in many respects from the notions commonly received among the artists of his day, it was not to be expected that his " Analysis of Beauty" could pass either unnoticed, or unattacked, by the numerous tribe of men of taste. His friends, indeed, when apprised of his intention of becoming an author, were apprehensive lest his well-earned pictorial laurels should be tarnished; while his enemies hoped he would write himself into disgrace. Hogarth, however, laughed at all this, and in the following little epigram, whimsically enough describes his own feelings:

" What! a book, and by Hogarth! then twenty to ten,
All he's gained by the *pencil* he'll *lose* by the *pen*."
" Perhaps it may be so—howe'er, miss or hit,
He will publish,—*here goes,—it's double or quit*." †

On the publication of his work, Hogarth was assailed, both by the graver and from the press, by a variety of publications; some few of which

* Vol. 65, p. 449.

† For this amusing jeu d'esprit we are indebted to Mr John Ireland's " Hogarth Illustrated," vol. III. p. 102.

possessed ingenuity and wit, but the majority were disgraced by scurrility of language and poverty of design. These sarcasms were keenly felt by Hogarth, whose chagrin was confessedly great, but was certainly alleviated by a complimentary letter from Warburton, (and compliments by that literary Briareus were not very liberally dispensed,) and by the still more flattering circumstance of his Analysis being translated and published in German at Berlin in 1754, and in Italian at Leghorn in 1761.

In the year 1757, his brother-in-law, Mr Thornhill, resigned his office of king's serjeant-painter in favour of Hogarth, who received his appointment on the 6th of June, and entered on his functions on the 16th July, both in the same year. This place was re-granted to him by a warrant of our present gracious sovereign, which bears date the 30th October, 1761, with a salary of ten pounds per annum, payable quarterly.*

This connection with the court probably induced Hogarth to deviate from the strict line of party neutrality which he had hitherto observed, and to engage against Mr Wilkes and his friends, in a print published in September, 1762, entitled the *Times*. This necessarily in-

* The document may be seen at length in Mr Ireland's Works, vol. III. pp. 137—141.

volved him in a dispute with Wilkes, in which (as Lord Orford has remarked *) if Hogarth did not commence direct hostilities, he at least obliquely gave the first offence, by an attack against the friends and party of that celebrated demagogue.

The publication of the *Times* provoked some severe strictures from Wilkes's pen, in a North Briton, (No. 17). Hogarth replied by a caricature of the writer: a rejoinder was put in by Churchill in an angry epistle to Hogarth; (not the brightest of his works;) and in which the severest strokes fell on a defect the painter had not caused, and could not amend, his age;—which, however, was neither remarkable nor decrepit. Much less had it impaired his talents, for, only six months before, he had produced one of his most capital works, a satirical print against the methodists. In revenge for this epistle, Hogarth caricatured Churchill, under the form of a canonical bear, with a club and a pot of porter—*vitulâ tu dignus, et hic.*—Never did two angry men, with their abilities, throw mud with less dexterity.†

During this period of pictorial and poetic warfare, (so virulent and disgraceful to all the parties,) Hogarth's health visibly declined. In

* Works, vol. III. p. 461. † Ibid.

1762, he complained of an internal pain, the continuance of which produced a general decay of the system, that proved incurable. A few months, however, before this inimitable artist was seized with the malady (a dropsy in the chest) which deprived society of one of its most distinguished ornaments, he proposed to his matchless pencil the work he has intitled a *Tail Piece.* The first idea of this picture is said to have been started in company, while the convivial glass was circulating round his own table. " My next undertaking," said Hogarth, " shall be the ' *End of all Things.*' "—" If that is the case," replied one of his friends, " *your business will be finished, for there will be an* END *of the Painter.*"—" There *will* so," answered Hogarth, sighing heavily, " and therefore, the sooner *my work is done* the better." Accordingly he began the next day, and continued his design with a diligence (as the report goes) which seemed to indicate that he should not live till he had completed it. He did finish it in the most ingenious manner that could well be conceived ; but as this interesting subject will be found in the subsequent part of this work, we shall here only notice, that he never again took the palette in hand about a month after this.* And on the 25th of October, 1764,

* Gent. Mag. vol. 55, Part I. p. 344.

(having previously been conveyed in a very weak and languid state from Chiswick to Leicester Fields) he died suddenly of an aneurysm in his chest, in the 67th or 68th year of his age. His remains were interred at Chiswick, beneath a plain but neat mausoleum, the front of which is decorated (in bas-relief) with the comic mask, a wreath of laurel, resting sticks, pencils, and a palette (illustrative of his profession), together with a book intitled "*Analysis of Beauty*," and the following elegant inscription by his friend Garrick:

"Farewell, great painter of mankind,
Who reach'd the noblest point of art;
Whose pictured morals charm the mind,
And through the eye correct the heart.
If genius fire thee, reader, stay;
If nature touch thee, drop a tear:
If neither move thee, turn away,
For Hogarth's honour'd dust lies here."

On one side is the following inscription:

HERE LIETH THE BODY
OF WILLIAM HOGARTH, ESQ.
WHO DIED OCTOBER 26, 1764,
AGED 67 YEARS.

MRS JANE HOGARTH,
WIFE OF WILLIAM HOGARTH, ESQ.
Obiit, 13 November, 1789,
ætat. 80 years.

On the other two sides are inscriptions in memory of Lady Thornhill (Hogarth's mother-in-law), and of his sister Mrs Ann Hogarth, which it would not perhaps be necessary here to repeat.

Hogarth was below the middle size, had a bright penetrating eye, and an air of spirit and vivacity: he was a man of rough and vulgar manners, but generous and hospitable. He affected contempt for all knowledge which he did not possess, and expressed himself with a degree of rudeness in conversation, that sometimes gave offence. He was often absent in company, and seemed to be entertaining himself with his own ideas, or seeking some new objects of ridicule, which he attentively seized whenever they presented themselves. In all the domestic relations of husband, brother, friend, and master, he shone conspicuously. Yet Hogarth was not exempt from faults. He was open to flattery: a word in praise of Sigismonda, his favourite picture, would command a proof print, or force an original sketch from our artist. He is also said (by Mr Nichols) to have beheld, with jealousy, the rising eminence and popularity of the late Sir Joshua Reynolds, and frequently to have spoken of him, and of his performances, with asperity.*

* Mr John Ireland, however, has ingeniously opposed this assertion. *Hogarth Illustrated*, vol. I. p. ii.

With respect to Hogarth's character as an artist, little, perhaps, need be said. His works speak for themselves, and convey, many of them at least, that direct instruction to the heart, which the productions of the press and of the pulpit frequently fail to convey. Incidental testimonies to this great painter's merit have already been given in the course of this article, which we shall conclude with the following strictures by a few eminent men of genius and of taste, whose sentiments (we trust) will not be displeasing to our readers.

"What composition, what variety, what sentiment, what fancy, invention, and humour," (said the late Lord Gardenstone*) "we discover in all his performances! In every one of them an entertaining history, a natural description of characters, and an excellent moral. I can read his works over and over,—Horace's characteristic of excellency in writing;—*decies repetita placebit;* and every time I peruse them I discover new beauties, and feel fresh entertainment."

"The taste of the present day is prints, (some respectable critics have remarked), and though it may, in some instances, have been carried to excess, yet while that taste remains,

* Gent. Mag. vol. 55, Part I. p. 344.

and men wish to contemplate figures drawn from nature by the pencil of genius, and placed in such points of view as generally to convey lessons of virtue in a language that all nations may read, Hogarth must hold a very high rank. He has been called a caricature-painter, but very improperly; for the productions of a caricaturist, though they may excite a momentary smile, fade with the objects they are intended to ridicule. The figures of Hogarth neither divert by distortion, nor surprise by aggravation; are neither disguised by ornament, nor weakened by decoration: they are clear representations of clear opinions, calculated to produce conviction by their truth, rather than dazzle the eye with high finishing and false glare. They express *the mind's construction in the face* with a precision and fidelity, which we believe have never been equalled; for, though he has had many imitators, they have been followers rather than rivals; and the laurel, with which he was originally crowned, still flourishes with undiminished verdure." *

"The works of this master" (the late Rev. and benevolent Mr Gilpin has observed in his amusing and instructive '*Essay on Prints*') "abound in true humour, and satire which is

* Brit. Crit. vol. XII. p. 348.

generally well directed: they are admirable moral lessons, and a fund of entertainment suited to every taste;—a circumstance which shews them to be just copies of nature. We may consider them, too, as valuable repositories of the manners, customs, and dresses of the present age. What a fund of entertainment would a collection of this kind afford, drawn from every period of the history of Great Britain!—How far the works of Hogarth will bear a *critical examination*, may be the subject of a little more enquiry.

"In *design*, Hogarth was seldom at a loss. His invention was fertile, and his judgment accurate. An improper incident is rarely introduced, a proper one rarely omitted. No one could tell a story better, or make it in all its circumstances more intelligible. His genius, however, it must be owned, was suited only to *low* or *familiar* subjects; it never soared above *common* life: to subjects naturally sublime, or which, from antiquity or other circumstances, borrowed dignity, he could not rise.

"In *composition* we see little in him to admire. In many of his prints the deficiency is so great as plainly to imply a want of all principle; which makes us ready to believe that, when we do meet with a beautiful group, it is the effect of chance. In one of his minor

works, the '*Idle 'Prentice*,' we seldom see a crowd more beautifully managed than in the last print. If the sheriff's officers had not been placed in a line, and had been brought a little lower in the picture, so as to have formed a pyramid with the cart, the composition had been unexceptionable; and yet the first print of this work is such an instance of disagreeable composition, that it is amazing how an artist, who had any idea of beautiful forms, could suffer so unmanly a performance to leave his hands.

"Of *the distribution of light* Hogarth had as little knowledge as of *composition*. In some of his pieces we see a good effect, as in the *execution* just mentioned, in which, if the figures in the right and left corners had been *kept down* a little, the light would have been beautifully distributed on the fore-ground, and a little secondary light spread over part of the crowd. But, at the same time, there is so obvious a deficiency in point of effect in most of his prints, that it is very evident he had no principle

"Neither was Hogarth a master in drawing. Of the muscles and anatomy of the head and hands he had perfect knowledge; but his trunks are often badly moulded, and his limbs ill set on: yet his figures, upon the whole, are in-

spired with so much life and meaning, that the eye is kept in good humour in spite of its inclination to find fault. The author of the Analysis of Beauty, it might be supposed, would have given us more instances of *grace* than we find in the works of Hogarth, which shows strongly that theory and practice are not always united. Many opportunities his subjects naturally afford of introducing graceful attitudes, and yet we have very few examples of them. With instances of picturesque grace his works abound.

"Of his *expression*, in which the force of his genius lay, we cannot speak in terms too high. In every mode of it he was truly excellent. The passions he thoroughly understood, and all the effects which they produce in every part of the human frame. He had the happy art also of conveying his ideas with the same precision with which he conceived them. He was excellent too in expressing any humorous oddity, which we often see stamped upon the human face. All his heads are cast in the very mould of nature. Hence that endless variety which is displayed through his works; and hence it is, that the difference arises between *his* heads and the affected caricatures of those masters who have sometimes amused themselves with patching together an assemblage of features from

their own ideas. Such are Spaniolet's, which, though admirably executed, appear plainly to have no archetypes in nature. Hogarth's, on the other hand, are collections of natural curiosities. The *Oxford Heads*, the *Physician's Arms*, and some of his other pieces, are expressly of this humorous kind. They are truly comic, though ill-natured effusions of mirth;—more ill-natured than Spaniolet's, as they are pure nature; but less innocent, as they contain ill-directed ridicule.

" But the species of expression in which this master perhaps most excels, is that happy art of catching those peculiarities of art and gesture, which the ridiculous part of every profession contract, and which, for that reason, become the characteristic of the whole. His counsellors, his undertakers, his lawyers, his usurers, are all conspicuous at one sight. In a word, almost every profession may see in his works that particular species of affectation which they should most endeavour to avoid. The *execution* of this master is well suited to his subjects and manner of treating them. He etched with great spirit, and never gave one unnecessary stroke."

…VL. · 191 …

HOGARTH ELUCIDATED.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

THE moral which Hogarth has attempted to display in this series of prints, is thus characterised *by himself*.

"Industry and Idleness exemplified in the conduct of two fellow-'prentices; where the one, by taking good courses, and pursuing points for which he was put apprentice, becomes a valuable man and an ornament to his country; the other, by giving way to idleness, naturally falls into poverty, and ends fatally, as expressed in the last print.—And, lest any print should be mistaken, the description of each print is engraved at top."*

Such is Hogarth's avowed design; and, as example is far more convincing and persuasive than precept, it must be acknowledged that the prints of Industry and Idleness do, unquestionably, afford to

* Mr John Ireland's Hogarth, vol. I. p. 190, where this account is stated to have been copied from the artist's own hand-writing. Mr Samuel Ireland ("Graphic Illustrations of Hogarth," p. 154,) has given a similar though somewhat more enlarged account.

young minds an admirable lesson, by setting before them that misery, shame, and destruction, which inevitably await the slothful and the vicious; while they at the same time show the infallible reward that attends the virtuous and the diligent. The object which the artist had in view he has certainly accomplished; although the prints composing this series "have" (as Lord Orford appropriately observes,) "more merit in the intention than execution."*

PLATE I.

THE FELLOW 'PRENTICES AT THEIR LOOMS.

MOTTO.

Proverbs, Chapter xxiii. *Verse* 21.

"The drunkard shall come to poverty; and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags."

Proverbs, Chapter x. *Verse* 4.

"The hand of the diligent maketh rich."

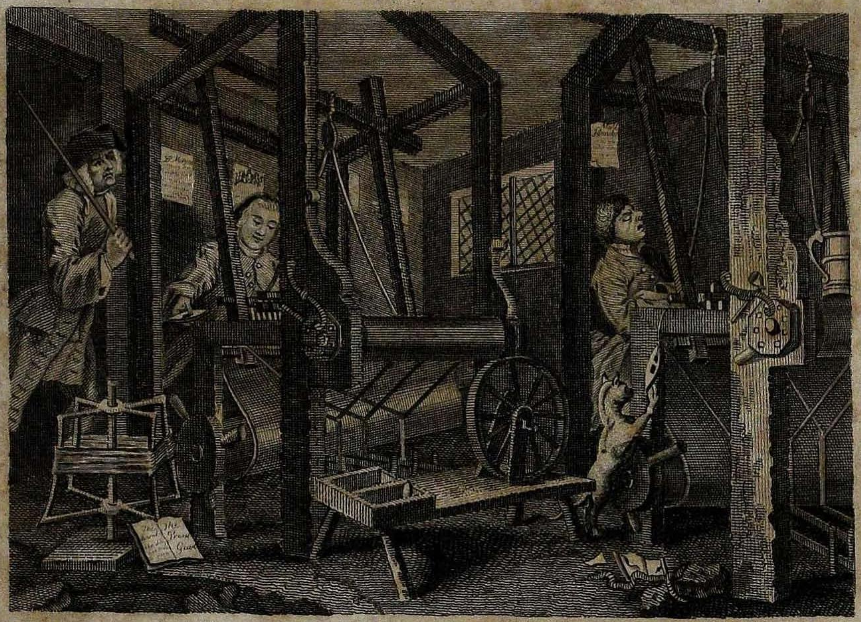
THESE passages of scripture are well adapted to the moral contrast, which presents itself to our notice.† In the scene before us, the two apprentices are de-

* Works, vol. iii. p. 457.

† It may be proper here to state, that the texts applied to the plates of Industry and Idleness were selected by the Rev. Mr Arnold

Pl. 1.

INDUSTRY and IDLENESS.



Hogarth Delt.

T. Clerk Sculpt. Edinr.

The Fellow 'Prentices at their Looms.

London, Published as the Act directs by Robert Scholey 46 Paternoster Row.

lineated at the looms of their master, a silk-weaver of Spital Fields. The industrious youth (whose countenance is strongly expressive of serenity and benevolence) is diligently employed at his work. On the floor near him lies an open book, entitled, *The 'Prentice's Guide*, and on the wall behind him are pasted the celebrated old ballads of '*Turn again Whittington, Lord Mayor of London*, and the *Valiant Apprentice!*' It should seem that the 'Prentice's Guide was presented by the master of our young pupils, as the same title appears on a mutilated pamphlet lying at the feet of Thomas Idle, who is overpowered by the united strength of beer and tobacco, (as is evident from the half-gallon pot and tobacco-pipe before him,) and with his arms folded, is fallen asleep;—while the shuttle, dropping from his hands, " becomes the plaything of a wanton kitten."

The ballad containing the history of *Moll Flanders*, which is also pasted over his head, indicates the depraved turn of his mind; his countenance, at the same time, is strongly characteristic of sloth, as his dress is expressive of filthiness. The master, silently entering the room, with uplifted stick and angry countenance, gives us to understand that the consequence of his sloth is a present castigation; but, if we may judge from the physiognomy of young Idle, these vices are too deeply rooted in him to be eradicated by punishment.

King; (Nichols's Hogarth, vol. i. p. 138,) and that the mottos in verse, that will occasionally be found in the subsequent pages, were written for Hogarth by Dr Hoadley, (son of the celebrated Bishop of Winchester,) and by others of his friends.

PLATE II.

THE INDUSTRIOUS 'PRENTICE PERFORMING THE DUTY OF A CHRISTIAN.

MOTTO.

Psalm cxix. *Verses* 97.

"O how I love thy law! it is my meditation day and night."

THE industrious apprentice is here represented at church, in the same pew with his master's daughter. The countenances of young Goodchild and of Miss West have a slight resemblance, and are marked by an interesting simplicity. We behold him in this plate joining in the public service in a devout and decent manner; to which a strong contrast is offered by the pompous female figure behind him, while the humble pew-opener and the two women contiguous to Miss West (and who are almost lost in shadow) seem to rival the powerful tones of the organ in their shrill vociferations. The men behind her, (one of whom is asleep,) are contributing *their* deep-toned bass to this concert; and, together with the preacher, reader, clerk, and the listless slumbering audience, they unite in giving a humorous, not to say a burlesque effect to the whole scene before us.

PL. II.

INDUSTRY and IDLENESS.

Hogarth delt.   D. B. Pyet sculpt.

The Induſtrious 'Prentice performing the duty of a Chriſtian.

London, Publiſhed as the Act directs by Robert Scholey 46 Paternoster Row.

Hogarth del. T. Clerk Sculp.

The Idle 'Prentice at Play in the Churchyard, during Divine Service.

London, Published as the Act directs by Robert Scholey 46 Paternoster Row.

[library stamp]

PLATE III.

THE IDLE 'PRENTICE AT PLAY IN THE CHURCH-YARD DURING DIVINE SERVICE.

MOTTO.

Proverbs, Chapter xix. *Verse* 29.

" Judgments are prepared for scorners, and stripes for the back of fools."

As the observance of religion is, confessedly, the only permanent foundation of virtue, so the neglect of religious duties has long been acknowledged to be the precursor of every kind of wickedness. Of the truth of this remark we have ocular demonstration in this third print. Here then we see the idle youth (while others are intent on sacred duties) transgressing all laws, both divine and human, gambling on a tomb-stone with the meanest of the human race. So callous is his depraved heart,—so wilfully blind is he to every thing tending to his future interest,—that neither the surrounding tombs, nor the yawning newly-dug grave—nor the skulls (all of which are very expressive) and bones scattered about, are sufficient to awaken in his mind one serious thought.

He is lying on a tomb-stone, the inscription of which (" HERE LIES THE BODY OF——") applies but too well to the slothful apprentice, who, having been detected in an attempt to defraud his vile

companions, is so warmly contesting the matter with them, as to be insensible of the approach of the vigilant beadle, whom we see in the very act of inflicting condign punishment. The whole of this group is strikingly marked. The stern keeper of the church's peace has been incorporated into a group of figures by Lavater:*—the hand of the boy employed upon his head, and that of the shoe-black in his bosom, are powerfully expressive of filth and vermin; and may also be designed to intimate that Idle is in imminent danger of being overspread with the beggarly contagion.

* Hunter's Edit. of Lavater, vol. i. p. 163.

INDUSTRY and IDLENESS.

PL. IV.

Hogarth del. *D.B.Pyet sculp.*

The Industrious Prentice a Favourite, and entrusted by his Master.

London, Published as the Act directs by Robert Scholey 46 Paternoster Row.

PLATE IV.

THE INDUSTRIOUS 'PRENTICE A FAVOURITE, AND ENTRUSTED BY HIS MASTER.

MOTTO.

Matthew, Chapter XXV. *Verse* 21.

"Well done, thou good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things."

The industrious youth having, by his discreet and steady conduct, acquired the confidence of his master, we now find him (admirably continued from the first and third prints) in the counting-house, entrusted with the books, giving and receiving orders, as is evident from the delivery of goods by a city porter from Blackwell Hall. From the keys in one hand, and the bag in the other, we may infer, that he has conducted himself with so much prudence and discretion, and has given to his employer such proofs of fidelity, as now to become the keeper of untold gold. The integrity of his heart is visible on his face; and the modesty and tranquillity of his countenance are well calculated to show, that, notwithstanding the ample trust reposed in him is an addition to his happiness, still he discharges his duties with so much becoming diffidence and care, as not to betray any of that pride which so frequently attends great promotion. The attitude of the

master, who is giving him some directions, is strongly expressive of his friendly regard; and their mutual union is not inappositely hinted at, by the position of the gloves on the flap of the writing-desk, which has been supposed covertly to intimate a speedy partnership to be in view.

The head-piece to a London Almanack, INDUSTRY TAKING TIME BY THE FORELOCK, is not one of the least beauties of this plate; and is strikingly calculated to show the necessity of early and sedulous application to business. The humour of the scene (for ridicule enters into almost every thing that Hogarth touched with his comic pencil) is not a little augmented by the pimpled face of the city porter, who is entering with a bale of goods, accompanied by a mastiff, and by the contest between the latter and the house-cat for admittance. The animals are ill drawn, and seem to be introduced merely to fill up the piece; the perspective also is incorrect; but these little blemishes are lost in the gradual developement of this excellent moral drama, which is carried on with much spirit.

PL. V.

INDUSTRY and IDLENESS.

Hogarth delt. T. Clerk sculpt.

The Idle Prentice turned away, and sent to Sea.

London Published as the Act directs by Robert Scholey 46 Paternoster Row.

PLATE V.

THE IDLE 'PRENTICE TURNED AWAY AND SENT TO SEA.

MOTTO.—*Proverbs, Chapter* x. *Verse* 1.
" A foolish son is the heaviness of his mother."

STILL persevering in vicious habits, the idle apprentice, having tired out the patience of his benevolent employer, is sent to sea, in the hope that, being removed alike from the city and from his dissipated companions, he might be reclaimed by the discipline and hard service of a maritime life. We now behold him in the ship's boat, making towards the vessel in which he is to embark. The attitudes and physiognomies of the different figures in the boat indicate with sufficient plainness the subject of their discourse, which is concerning his idleness. In the back-ground is a gibbet with a figure suspended, to which the waterman is pointing his attention, as emblematical of his future fate; while a boy, tapping him on the shoulder with one hand, presents a cat-o'-nine-tails, as a specimen of the salutary discipline in use on board of a man of war. This is returned by young Idle holding up two fingers of his left hand, in the form of horns, supposed to have been dictated to him by the place in the river which they had just passed, and which, from this circumstance, is known

to be *Cuckolds' Point*. His forfeited indentures he has thrown into the river with an air of contempt, regardless both of his present condition and of the affectionate persuasions of his afflicted widowed mother.

The group of figures, composing this print, has been copied by the ingenious Lavater; with whose appropriate remarks we conclude our present description.

"Observe, (says this great analyst of the human countenance,) in the annexed group, that unnatural wretch, with the infernal visage, insulting his supplicating mother; the predominant character on the three other villain-faces, though all disfigured by effrontery, is cunning and ironical malignity. Every face is a seal with this truth engraved on it: "NOTHING MAKES A MAN SO UGLY AS VICE; NOTHING RENDERS THE COUNTENANCE SO HIDEOUS AS VILLAINY."*

* Hunter's Edit. of Lavater, vol. i. p. 163.

INDUSTRY and IDLENESS.

Hogarth del.t D.B. Pyet sculp.t

The Industrious Prentice out of his Time and Married to his Master's Daughter.

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PLATE VI.

THE INDUSTRIOUS 'PRENTICE OUT OF HIS TIME, AND MARRIED TO HIS MASTER'S DAUGHTER.

MOTTO.
Proverbs, *Chapter* xii. *Verse* 4.
" The virtuous woman is a crown to her husband."

FROM the joint names of *West* and *Goodchild* upon the sign, we learn that the industry and fidelity of the attentive youth are crowned with success, and that he has been taken into partnership by his master, who has further given him his daughter in marriage. By the young man's appearance in his gown and cap, the time is evidently morning; and, from the populace assembled round the house, it is the morning after his nuptials. His benevolence and liberality here also are displayed, by a servant distributing the remnants of the table; while the bridegroom is paying the master-drummer for the noisy gratulations of himself and his comrades. In this group of figures the spirit of the different characters is well supported, in the earnestness with which one of the butchers (who is standing on the left with his marrow-bone and cleaver) is observing the fortunate drummer receiving Mr Goodchild's bounty,—and in the anger expressed on the countenance of his fellow, who is elbowing out of the first rank the

performer on the violoncello. The cripple lying on the ground is adding to the clangour of this melodious English concert, by bawling out the song of '*Jesse, or the Happy Pair.*' This figure represents a well-known beggar in Hogarth's day, known by the name of Philip in the Tub, from the circumstance of his being reduced (through want of limbs) to drag his person about the streets in a shallow tub, as here delineated. This man had visited Ireland and the United Provinces, was a constant attendant at all weddings, and usually received a small gratuity for his epithalamiums.

Although some of the figures in this scene are deficient in proportion, yet the interest of the whole is well supported; and a near view of the Monument is not inappositely introduced, to shew our hero's residence to be in the vicinity of that noble column.

INDUSTRY and IDLENESS.

Hogarth Del.

D. B. Pyet Sculp.

The Idle 'Prentice return'd from Sea, and in a Garret with a common Prostitute.

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PLATE VII.

THE IDLE 'PRENTICE RETURNED FROM SEA, AND IN A GARRET WITH A COMMON PROSTITUTE.

MOTTO.
Leviticus, Chapter xxvi. *Verse* 36.
"The sound of a shaken leaf shall chase him."

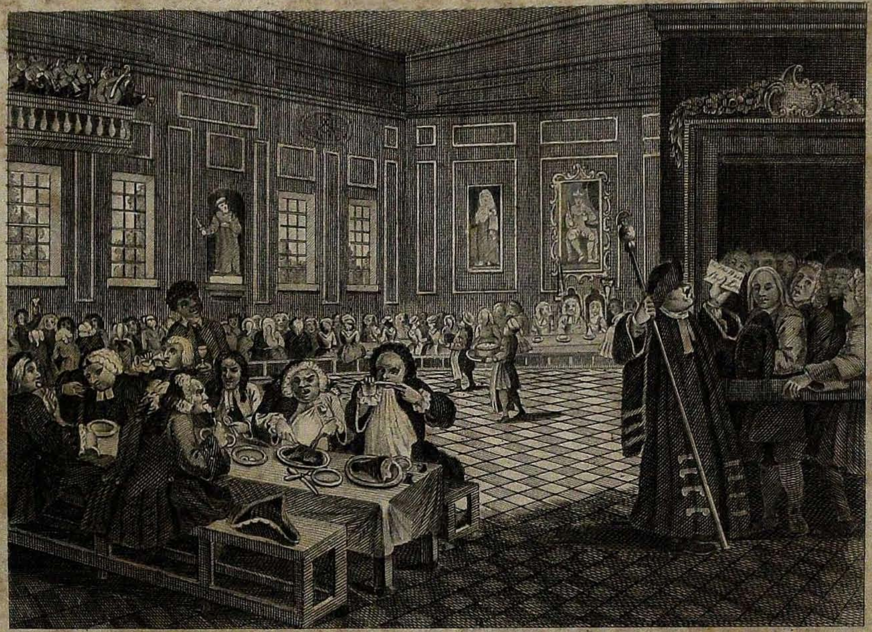
THE Idle Apprentice is advancing with rapid strides towards his fate. We here behold him returned from sea after a long voyage, in a wretched garret with a common prostitute. Disgusted with a maritime life, and also (we may infer) with the correction which his vicious habits had deservedly brought upon him, he has returned to London, with a determination to follow some other course. The nature of his present pursuits is evident from the watches, trinkets, pistols, &c. lying upon and beside the crazy bedstead. He has acquired them by robbery on the highway.

In this scene we have an admirable picture of the horrors of a guilty conscience:—how strong a contrast to the honest simplicity, benevolence, and tranquillity displayed on the countenance of his fellow-apprentice, which we have already had occasion to notice!—Though the door is double bolted, and barricadoed with planks from the floor, to prevent sur-

prise, and notwithstanding he has attempted to expel thought by the powerful effect of spirituous liquors, evident from the glass and bottle upon the floor, still he cannot secure himself against the terrors of his guilty conscience. The circumstance of a cat dropping down the ruinous chimney, together with the falling of a few bricks, is sufficient to create unutterable horrors. Mark him, starting in his bed, and all the tortures of his mind imprinted on his face ;—his hair standing on end, and his teeth chattering with dismay.

This accident, however, makes but little impression on his companion in iniquity, who, indifferent to every thing but the plunder, is contemplating with delight a glittering ear-ring. The phials on the shelf over the fire-place, indicate that sickness and disease are the certain attendants of her wretched life; while the miserable furniture, the hole in the wall as a substitute for a window, (by whose light she is examining her iniquitous acquisition,) the precipitate retreat of the rat, on Grimalkin's abrupt entrance,—all concur to strike the eye of the observant spectator. The introduction of the lady's hoop (which seems to have been hung up in order to exclude the cold) is apposite, and affords a good specimen of the preposterous fashion of former days ;—a fashion which, excepting on a few extraordinary occasions, has at length given way to a mode of dressing far more consistent with nature and decorum.

INDUSTRY and IDLENESS.



Hogarth Delᵗ. T. Clerk Sculpᵗ. Edinʳ.

The Industrious 'Prentice grown rich, and Sheriff of London.

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PLATE VIII.

THE INDUSTRIOUS 'PRENTICE GROWN RICH, AND SHERIFF OF LONDON.

MOTTO.

Proverbs, Chapter iv. *Verses* 7, 8.

" With all thy gettings, get understanding. Exalt her, and she shall promote thee; she shall bring thee to honour, when thou dost embrace her."

THE progress of virtue and vice, together with their consequent rewards and punishments, have hitherto kept even pace with each other. We have traced the slothful and abandoned Idle through various scenes of folly and of vice, and at last find him harassed and tormented by guilty apprehensions; while his faithful and diligent fellow-apprentice, having become respectable and opulent, has attained the dignity of sheriff of London; and, in the print before us, is feasting the liverymen of his company at their hall.

This scene is laid in Fishmongers'-hall, which is decorated with the portrait of William III., a judge, and a full-length of the illustrious hero, Sir William Walworth; in commemoration of whose valour the weapon with which he slew Wat Tyler was introduced into the city arms. His effigies still remain in the hall above-mentioned, with the following quaint and memorable inscription beneath:

> "Brave Walworth, knight, lord mayor, that slew
> Rebellious Tyler in his alarms;
> The king therefore did give in lieu
> The dagger to the city arms." *

Hogarth has, in this print, given full scope to his humorous and sarcastic genius, in the various characters he has grouped together. The figure in black, at the end of the table, is famine personified; to which a strong contrast is offered in the person of the fat citizen, with a napkin fastened to his button-hole, and who seems to have burnt his mouth by his voracious eagerness to participate in the good things set before him. Not less worthy of note is the reverend gentleman near him, who is swallowing his soup with as high a relish as the gentleman next him experiences in his wine. The backs of the figures in the back-ground are delineated in the costume of the day, with bag-wigs, tie-wigs, &c. &c. and contribute not a little to the comical effect of the whole.

Two other objects remain to be noticed: the first is, the beadle perusing the direction of a letter to the worshipful Francis Goodchild, Esq. Sheriff of London. The self-consequence of this underling of office (snuffing up his nose with sovereign contempt of the group before him) is well contrasted by the humble deportment of the lank-haired wight behind the bar, whom we may suppose to be a delinquent brought to justice by the crowd that accompany him. To complete the piece, the gallery is filled with musicians, who are actively occupied in the production of sweet sounds, to recreate the good citizens during their entertainment.

* Ireland's '*Hogarth Illustrated*,' vol. I. p. 213. vol. III. p. 383.

 PL. IX.

Hogarth Delt. D.R. Pyet Sculpt.

The Idle 'Prentice betray'd by his Whore, and taken in a Night Cellar with his Accomplice.

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PLATE IX.

THE IDLE 'PRENTICE BETRAYED BY A PROSTITUTE, AND TAKEN IN A NIGHT CELLAR WITH HIS ACCOMPLICE.

MOTTO.

Proverbs, Chapter vi. *Verse* 26.

" The adultress will hunt for the precious life."

FROM the picture of diligence and its consequent reward, we return to take a view of the progress of sloth and infamy, together with *their* CERTAIN *consequence*, punishment. The scene before us is laid in the cellar of a house in Chick-lane, Smithfield, which at the time of publishing these prints (the year 1747) went by the name of the BLOOD-BOWL HOUSE. It received this appellation from the various sanguinary transactions there carried on, and was a notorious receptacle for villains of the deepest dye, a month rarely passing without the commission of some act of murder.

In a night cellar of this house, our hero is represented in company with a one-eyed accomplice (whom the attentive observer will recognise to be one of his associates in the *third* print), dividing the booty which had been acquired by robbery, followed, it should also seem, by murder. In the midst of this villainous employment, he is betrayed by his favourite female (the same in whose garret we saw

him in Plate VII.) to the high-constable and his attendants, who have succeeded in tracing the murderer to his haunt. The police-officers are in the very act of entering, while the body of the murdered gentleman is let down into a hole, made in this subterraneous place of iniquity, for the purpose of concealment.

The back-ground of this horrid scene is perfectly in unison with the more prominent objects. All is riot and confusion ; and the contrast is very strongly marked between the noseless woman with a jug in her hand, and the furious combatants, who are wielding chairs, shovel, &c. with horrible dexterity : their contest, however, does not seem to have disturbed either the fellow who is asleep, or the smoking grenadier.

The cards, scattered on the floor (one of which is torn), are perhaps designed to show that gambling was one of the amusements exercised in this infernal mansion, and (together with the rope suspended over the head of the sleeping figure just noticed,) afford a striking proof of Hogarth's attention to minutiæ.

PL. X.

INDUSTRY and IDLENESS.

Hogarth del. *T. Clerk Sculp.*

The Industrious 'Prentice Alderman of London, the Idle one brought before him and Impeach'd by his Accomplice.

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PLATE X.

THE INDUSTRIOUS 'PRENTICE ALDERMAN OF LONDON; THE IDLE ONE BROUGHT BEFORE HIM AND IMPEACHED BY HIS ACCOMPLICE.

MOTTO.

Leviticus, Chapter xix. *Verse* 15.

" Thou shalt do no unrighteousness in judgment."

Psalm ix. *Verse* 16.

" The wicked is snared in the works of his own hands."

FROM the shrievalty, the industrious apprentice has advanced one step higher in civic dignity; we now behold him an alderman, and in course acting as a magistrate. In this capacity, the idle apprentice is brought before him, strongly hand-cuffed, and charged with the twofold crimes of robbery and murder, by the one-eyed miscreant noticed in the last print, who has turned evidence against him. He is here at the bar, with all the marks of conscious guilt imprinted on his countenance: torn by remorse, the accused stands trembling with agony, and, were he not supported by the bar, he would be unable to support himself.

In the person of the alderman, we see the struggle between mercy and justice admirably displayed. Shocked at the sight of one who had been the companion of his youth, under such circumstances, he is

reclining his averted head on his left hand to conceal the emotions of his soul; while the other hand is extended in a manner expressive both of pity and of shame,—of pity for the situation of his fellow-apprentice,—of shame to think that human nature should be so depraved.—" The concern," Lord Orford has justly remarked, " shewn by the Lord Mayor, when the companion of his childhood is brought before him as a criminal, is a touching picture, and big with human admonition and reflection."

The mother of our delinquent, in an agony of distress, is entreating the consequential constable to exert *his* interest in her son's behalf: he seems to listen to her supplications, and apparently replies, with up-lifted hand, and with all the sternness of inflexible justice—" *We*, who are in office, *must* execute the laws !"—A crowd of watchmen are in attendance, one of whom is holding up a sword and a pair of pistols, which had been found on the culprit's person.

A young woman is bribing the clerk, whose office it is to administer the oath, to swear the one-eyed wretch, who has turned evidence, *with his left hand laid on the gospels* ; this *upright* officer of justice stands with uncommon impudence, having stuck his pen behind his ear, in order that his right hand may be at liberty to receive the bribe: a sacrifice this of sacred things to the inordinate love of gain, which, for the honour of the British character, one would hope has long since ceased.—" Yet," says Mr Ireland, " I have been told that

the *dealers in perjury* at Westminster Hall, as well as the Old Bailey, consider this *little* circumstance as a complete salvo for false-swearing!"*

One object more remains to be noticed: it is the alderman's clerk making out the mittimus of Thomas Idle, directed to the turnkey of Newgate; whence we shall soon see him drawn to the place of execution, there to receive the punishment denounced on murderers by the violated laws of his country.

* Ireland's 'Hogarth Illustrated,' vol. i. p. 217, note. To this we may add the abominable practice resorted to by many of the lower classes at courts of *kissing the thumb*, under the pretext of kissing the book; and this vile fraud, they persuade themselves, is an innocent and satisfactory evasion! Be it, however, remembered, that an inspired writer has said—"*A false witness shall* NOT *be unpunished: and he that speaketh lies* SHALL NOT *escape*." (Prov. xix. v. 5, 9.)

PLATE XI.

THE IDLE 'PRENTICE EXECUTED AT TYBURN.

MOTTO.

Proverbs, Chapter i. *Verses* 27, 28.

"When fear cometh as desolation, and their destruction cometh as a whirlwind; when distress cometh upon them, then shall they call upon God, but he will not answer."

THE career of our lost and degraded hero at length terminates at Tyburn.* His ghastly look, and the horror delineated on his countenance, evidently describe the dreadful situation of his mind, agitated with shame, remorse, confusion, and terror.

The procession is led, as was usual, by the ordinary of Newgate, whom we see carelessly seated in a coach; while an itinerant minister is delineated in the cart with the wretched criminal, whom he earnestly exhorts to repentance. Hogarth has, in this scene, rather digressed from the principal subject; and has, with singular humour, given a pretty accurate view of the confusion that usually prevail-

* It may be necessary, perhaps, *now* to inform our juvenile readers, that this place is a small village, in the outskirts of the metropolis, near the north side of Hyde-park, whither criminals were formerly conducted for execution. The memory of this transaction is at present chiefly preserved by the circumstance of persons (who prosecute a felon to conviction), receiving a certificate that exempts them from the execution of certain civil offices; which certificate is called a Tyburn ticket.

INDUSTRY and IDLENESS.

Hogarth Delᵗ. T. Clerk Sculpᵗ.

The Idle 'Prentice Executed at Tyburn.

London Publised as the Act directs by Robert Scholey 46 Paternoster Row.

ed at executions, before the present mode of finishing the sentence of the law was adopted.

On the left side of the print, a boy is in the act of picking the pocket, and at the same time is earnestly watching the motions of a vender of gingerbread, at that time well known by the name of *Tiddy-Doll*, from the burthen of the song he usually sang in commendation of his cakes. Another young stripling is at his elbow, waiting to receive the plunder. Close by this group, an orange-woman is actively exercising her talons upon the eyes of a luckless wight who has upset her barrow. In the cart behind we recognise the mother of the unhappy Idle, whom a benevolent female attempts to console. Above her, in another cart, is a curious group of females; one of whom is drinking a glass of geneva, and at the same time sanctimoniously breathing out a hypocritical ejaculation. A glass is handing up to the young woman next her, from below, while a fellow is indecently helping up a girl into the same cart.

To the right of the print is a soldier who has stept up to his knees in a ditch, for no very honourable purpose, to the woman before him, at which two urchins are making themselves not a little merry.

In the centre, a female boxer, intent upon punishing a man who had incurred her displeasure, has dropped her infant, which is in imminent danger of being trampled under foot. Next her is an inhabitant (probably) of St Giles's, in the act of throwing a dog at the itinerant minister; and close to him is a Grub-street *oratrix*, vociferating the last dying speech

and confession of Thomas Idle, printed the day before his execution; a circumstance that cannot but add to the horrors of his mind in the prospect of eternity. Near this vocal performer, a tall butcher has suspended a lawyer's wig at the end of his cudgel; which has been thought covertly to intimate the sanguinary complexion of our laws.

It only remains to notice the carrier-pigeon, (bred at Newgate,) which it was then customary to send home, in order to give notice to the keeper of the prison of the execution of the criminal; the bird is just let fly from the gallery on the left for this purpose. The executioner, smoking his pipe on the gibbet, forcibly shows how little concern the melancholy business makes upon him; and affords an additional proof that the frequency of such spectacles is calculated to produce a gradual, but certain, and at length an utter, insensibility in the human breast.

The initials on the coffin (I. T.) have been reversed in all the engravings from the original drawing. They should have been T. I. (for Thomas Idle.)

The back-ground presents a view of Hampstead and Highgate hills.

Most of the figures delineated in this scene are excellently expressed. The late Rev. Mr Gilpin (whose opinion of Hogarth we have already had occasion to cite) truly observes, "We seldom see a crowd more beautifully managed than in this print."

PL. XII.

INDUSTRY and IDLENESS.

Hogarth delt. | T. B. Pyet sculpt.

The Industrious 'Prentice Lord Mayor of London.

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PLATE XII.

THE INDUSTRIOUS 'PRENTICE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

MOTTO.

Proverbs, Chapter iii. *Verse* 16.
"Length of days is in her right-hand, and in her left-hand riches and honour."

WE cheerfully turn from the melancholy spectacle last described, to consider the concluding scene of this moral drama. The industrious apprentice has attained the highest honour which the city could bestow, that of being lord mayor of London.

In this, as in the eleventh plate, Hogarth has indulged his usual humour, by exhibiting the *low*, rather than the more splendid parts of this civic pageant. The scene is laid at the east side of St Paul's cathedral, just turning into Cheapside; and in a balcony, to the left of the print, the artist has introduced his present majesty's parents, the late Prince and Princess of Wales, as spectators of the show. A group of the most laughable figures is collected on the scaffolding beneath; where a young fellow is in the act of saluting a fair nymph, whose manner indicates not the most cordial reception. Below is a blind man, who has straggled in among the crowd, and is joining in the general halloo: and before him is one of the city militia, so completely

intoxicated as to be insensible what he is doing. This, in fact, is a continuation of the satire levelled in the present scene at the city militia; a detachment of whom is introduced, consisting of ill-disciplined men of every age, size, and condition; fat, lean, tall, short, crooked, lame; and all in general so unused to firelocks, that they know not how to carry them: one is in the act of firing off his piece, and at the same time turns his head another way!!! They are indeed most whimsically, yet characteristically, delineated.

The most prominent figure in the mayor's coach is the city sword-bearer, arrayed in the costume which he now wears on the same festive occasion. The carriage is surrounded by a company of butchers, whose concerto on marrow-bones and cleavers contributes not a little to the noise and confusion which are here represented.

In the centre of the print, a plank (supported by a stool and a tub,) has given way, and precipitated to the ground two girls. And near them, on the left, a *public orator* is introduced, vociferating "*A full, true, and particular account of the ghost of Thomas Idle,*" which appeared to the lord-mayor. The windows and roofs of the houses are crowded with spectators of every age and rank. The two flags beneath the pieces of tapestry, (at the sign of the King's Head,) are emblazoned with the arms of the Stationers' company; that fixed on the stand, on the right, belongs to the company of Pinners and Needlers, now fallen into comparative obscurity.

THIS series of prints is appositely employed as an ornament to the chamber of the city of London, where apprentices are usually bound and enrolled. The late Mr James Love (otherwise Dance) composed a petit drama on this subject, in which the character of the good apprentice was performed by Mr King.*

The year after Hogarth published these twelve engravings, (viz. 1748,) was produced a pamphlet, entitled, "The Effects of Industry and Idleness, illustrated in the Life, Adventures, and various Fortunes of two Fellow 'Prentices of the City of London; shewing the different paths, as well as rewards, of virtue and vice; how the good and virtuous 'prentice, by gradual steps of industry, rose to the highest pitch of grandeur; and how, by contrary pursuits, his fellow 'prentice, by laziness and wickedness, came to die an ignominious death at the gallows. This little book ought to be read by every 'prentice in England, to imprint in their hearts these two different examples; the contrary effects each will produce on their young minds being of more worth than a hundred times the price; *i. e.* an abhorrence of the vice and wickedness they perceive in the one boy, and, on the contrary, an endeavour after an imitation of the actions of the other; and is a more proper present to be given by the chamber of London, at the binding and enrolling an apprentice, than any other book whatever." †

In the British Critic, ‡ the late Dr James is stated

* J. Ireland's '*Hogarth Illustrated*,' vol. i. p. 225.

† Nichols's Hogarth, vol. i. p. 138. ‡ Vol. xii. p. 354.

to have said, that he once heard a sermon preached from Hogarth's prints of Industry and Idleness. The subject, it must be admitted, is well calculated to strike the young mind; and, though the *text* be rather novel, we have no doubt but that such a sermon, in the hands of a judicious preacher, would be productive of beneficial effects.

PL. XIII.

HARLOT'S PROGRESS Nº. 1.

Hogarth delt.   T. Clerk sculpt. Edinr.

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THE

HARLOT'S PROGRESS.

PLATE I.

An antient sage* has remarked, that "*virtue* is the *beauty*, and *vice* the deformity of the soul." If, therefore, to trace the certain operations of vice, and to expose it in all its deformity, be to render an essential service to society, Hogarth has claims of no common extent to the gratitude of every philanthropist for his very successful developement of that varied and certain misery which never fails to overtake the deluded votaries of dissipation and of vice.

The series of plates now under our contemplation unfolds the history of a prostitute, whose eventful history the painter commences with her arrival in the metropolis. The heroine of this tale, about six-

* Socrates.

teen years of age, is delineated as having just alighted from the York waggon; and the huge bell suspended over the door, indicates the scene to be laid in the yard of the Bell Inn, in Wood-street. The artist, in representing her as having come from so distant a part of the kingdom *to improve her fortune*, has displayed much judgment; and we may from this circumstance infer, that she is utterly ignorant of the artificial and dissipated manners of London. The neatness of her attire, the modest simplicity of her manners, her native innocence, the bloom of youth, all concur to give an interest to her person, and render her an easy prey to the wiles of the wretch who is addressing her. This pander to the depraved appetites of the rich and libidinous is apparently hiring her as a domestic, and is accosting her more with the cordiality of a friend, than with the reserve of one who is to be her mistress.

The figure of the old procuress (whose bepatched face demonstrates her iniquitous profession) is understood to be a correct portrait of mother Needham, a fiend celebrated in the annals of iniquity; and who, in Hogarth's time, was an object of public notoriety. Pope has thus noticed her in his Dunciad:

> " To Needham's quick, the voice triumphal rode,
> But *pious* Needham dropt the name of God."
>
> Book I. v. 323.

The commentator on this passage states her to have been " a matron of great fame, and very religious in her way; whose constant prayer it was, that she might ' get enough by her profession to leave it off

in time, and make her peace with God.' But her fate was not so happy: for, being convicted and set in the pillory, she was so ill used by the populace, that it put an end to her days."*

Behind the procuress, descending the steps of the door, are two men, one of whom is libidinously gazing on the unsuspecting country girl. This is said to be a good likeness of the hoary veteran in iniquity, Colonel Francis Chartres, whose name has long since been consigned to infamy, and whose character has been energetically sketched in an epitaph, from which we select the following passages for the information of our readers:

> "Here continueth to rot
> The body of FRANCIS CHARTRES;
> who, with an inflexible constancy and
> inimitable uniformity of life,
> persisted,
> in spite of age and infirmities,
> in the practice of every human vice,
> excepting prodigality and hypocrisy.
> His insatiable *avarice* exempted him from the first,
> his matchless *impudence* from the second.

* Nichols's and Steevens's Commentary on Hogarth, vol. ii. p. 98. This miscreant was sentenced to stand twice in the pillory at the Westminster Quarter Sessions, to pay a fine of one shilling, and find security for her good behaviour for three years.—(Grub-street Journal of April 29, 1731). The same paper (of the 6th of May) records the execution of this sentence, and her rough usage while in the pillory, and that she died the day before she was to stand there for the second time. "She declared," it is said, "in her last words, that what had most affected her was, the terror of standing in the pillory to-morrow, in New Palace Yard, having been so ungratefully used by the populace on Wednesday."

A melancholy accident took place while this woman was suffering

Oh, indignant reader!
Think not his life useless to mankind;
Providence connived at his execrable designs,
to give to after ages a conspicuous
proof and example
of how small estimation is exorbitant wealth
in the sight of God, by bestowing it on
the most unworthy of all mortals!

The other figure behind this miscreant is also a portrait, and represents John Gourlay, a pimp, whom he always kept about his person.

On the right of this plate, we behold one whose garb proclaims him to be a clergyman; and who is so intently occupied in perusing the address of a letter to the bishop of the diocese, that he heeds not the mischief committing by his lean and hungry Rosinante. The animal has caught at the straw, or hay, in which some earthen-ware is packed. One of the pans has already been thrown down; and a dismal crash appears to await the pile of brittle ware. Some have conjectured the person mounted on this luckless steed to be the parent of our heroine; (whose future fate is, perhaps, covertly intended by the full-blown rose in her bosom;) but it is more likely to suppose that Hogarth introduced this personage with the view of shewing, still more forcibly, the infatuation which formerly possessed our unpractised countrymen, in coming to the gay metropolis with the chimerical prospect of mending their fortunes.

the sentence of the law. A boy was killed by falling upon some iron spikes from a lamp-post, which he had ascended to behold her in the pillory.—*Gent. Mag.* vol. i. p. 176.

The group of female passengers in the waggon appear to have their attention divided between the procuress and her victim.

"The balcony" (Mr John Ireland has appropriately remarked) "with linen hanging to dry; the York waggon, which intimates the county that gave birth to our young adventurer; parcels lying on the ground, and a goose, directed *To my lofen coosin in Tems Street, London,* prove the peculiar attention which Hogarth paid to the minutiæ. The initials, M. H. on one of the trunks, give us the name of the heroine of the drama. *Hackabout* was the name of a character then well known, and infamous for her licentiousness and debauchery."*

To the attentive observer, every circumstance in this print becomes interesting; and the regard to costume and propriety of manner, which pervades the whole (in common with most of Hogarth's other prints) contributes to render it an authentic document of modes and fashions as they existed in his day.

* Hogarth Illustrated, vol. i. p. 6.

PLATE II.

In this scene we find our heroine in a situation widely different from that state of unsuspecting simplicity which so lately interested our feelings.

It should seem that, having been conducted from the yard of the Bell Inn to the house of the procuress, she had been prevailed upon to relinquish her homely dress; and, having been initiated into the follies and fashions of the town, she had first fallen a prey to the seductive arts of the miscreant Chartres. Being abandoned by him, and the moral sense extinguished, we now find her pursuing the career of vice; and the plate before us represents her as the mistress of an opulent Jew. She appears, attended by a black boy, (then a necessary appendage to the household of the fashionable and the dissipated), and living in the highest splendour and profusion.

Having quitted her innocence with her modesty of dress, our depraved heroine continues to act as inconsiderately as at the first, and keeps up the spirit of the character she professes, by giving way to *extravagance* and *inconstancy*. The *former* trait in her character is well illustrated by the monkey dragging her splendid head-dress round the floor of the apartment; the *latter* is sufficiently evident from the whole tenor of the piece, her gallant being repre-

HARLOT'S PROGRESS. No. 2. PL. XIV.

Hogarth delt. T. Clerk sculpt.

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sented in the back-ground in the very act of retreating. The Jew is at breakfast with his mistress; but, arriving before her favourite had quitted her apartment, the mistress and her attendant are obliged to exert all their ingenuity in order to effect his unobserved retreat. To effect this design, she contrives to quarrel with her keeper, kicks down the breakfast table with its appendages, and scalds his legs. The noise occasioned by the falling china (which is so well represented, that, without any great stretch of imagination, one may almost *hear* it breaking) added to the screams of the enraged Jew, smarting with pain, facilitates the flight of the gallant without suspicion or discovery.

The furniture of the apartment should not pass unnoticed. Among the decorations we see two pictures, the one representing Jonah sitting under a gourd, and David dancing before the ark. Mr Ireland conjectures them to have been placed there with the view of ridiculing the old masters, who generally painted from the ideas of others, and continually repeated the same tale. Or, probably, they were designed to satirize the impropriety of decorating apartments with unappropriate subjects.

On the toilet table we notice a mask, which indicates masquerades to have been at that time a very fashionable amusement, much frequented by women of this character. It may also intimate, that duplicity and hypocrisy were now familiarised to our heroine, of which the scene before us conveys ample proof.

Yet, though her infidelity might escape discovery for a short time, she seems to have proceeded with so

little caution, that she could not long continue under the *protection* [we use, with regret, this prostituted word] of the Israelite. His lavish donations could not gain her regard, nor secure her attachment; and we shall soon see her punished for her infidelity by dismission, and involved in penury and disgrace, from her want of prudence in neglecting toprovide for the evil hour of adversity.

All the characters in this print are delineated with a master's hand. The insolent air of the harlot; the attitude of the astonished Jew, eagerly grasping at the falling table; the start of the sable attendant;* the cautious step of the unguarded and barefooted gallant; and the sudden spring of the scalded and squalling monkey, all are expressed with admirable accuracy. To represent an object in its descent has been said to be impossible: the attempt has seldom succeeded; but, in this print, the tea equipage has actually the appearance of falling to the ground.

* This black boy afforded room for an ill-natured remark by Quin, when Garrick once attempted to perform the part of Othello. "He pretend to play Othello!" said the surly satirist—"He pretend to play Othello! He wants nothing but the tea-kettle and lamp to qualify him for Hogarth's Pompey." This circumstance, Mr Nichols remarks, by no means encouraged our Roscius to continue acting the part. In fact, when Garrick's face was obscured, his chief power of expression was lost, and then, and not till then, was he reduced to a level with several other performers. Nichols's Anecdotes of Hogarth, vol. ii. p. 99. Ireland's Hogarth, vol. i. pp. 7, 9.

HARLOT'S PROGRESS Nº. 3.

Hogarth delᵗ

D. B. Pyet sculpᵗ

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PLATE III.

STILL descending in the scale of vice, our heroine now appears the humble tenant of a wretched apartment in the hundreds of Drury (which is obvious from the inscription on the pewter pots.) The tasteless profusion of magnificence, with which she had so lately been surrounded, is now exchanged for penury and wretchedness. She, who once breakfasted in state, is now reduced to take her comfortless meal as she can. Her silver tea-kettle has given place to a tin-pot, from which her attendant (whose countenance is *furrowed* with villainy) is pouring water for her tea. Instead of her splendid toilet, with its magnificent mirror, we now behold an old leaf table, covered with a broken punch-bowl, and the fragments of the preceding nocturnal revel, among which a comb and the relic of a looking-glass appear conspicuous, and afford a striking contrast to her former situation. On the bed's head is a wig-box of James Dalton, a notorious street-robber, who was afterwards executed at Tyburn. This, in addition to the tobacco-pipes, spirit measures, and pewter pots, which are strewed upon the dirty floor, further informs us of the gross habits of life into which she has entered, and of the vile associates with whom she now cohabits.

The person of our heroine is in unison with the whole. Her laced head-dress, and the tawdry cloak hanging over the chair, may be considered as necessaries of her profession,—serving to conceal a loathsome body, and to attract the eyes of unwary youth. For though her countenance still exhibits a few traces of that beauty which in the first print attracted our notice, it is bloated and marked with disease; and that she has a latent fire consuming her constitution, in addition to the evils of poverty, is obvious from the phials and boxes of nostrums that are deposited in the window, the broken casements of which are but ill calculated to resist the inclemencies of the weather. Disorder and indecency characterise her throughout. In her right hand is a watch, which we may suppose either to have been presented to her, or (which is more probable) stolen from her last gallant; pilfering being *then* (as our daily journals *now* frequently inform us) a principal means of the prostitute's support.

The other articles of furniture are in a correspondent style. The silver candlestick is now exchanged for a bottle, in the neck of which is placed a candle, and the china ewer for a sorry earthenware bason, both of which stand on a chair, whose seat is nearly gone. The prints, which ornament the walls of her room are, Abraham offering up Isaac, a Madonna, or portrait of the Virgin Mary, Dr Sacheverel of turbulent fame, and Macheath the notorious highwayman;—as curious a group, perhaps, as ever decorated any apartment.

Rouquet has noticed a circumstance which ought

not to escape the reader's observation. The artist, he remarks, has seized an opportunity of placing a bit of butter (which formed part of her breakfast) on the title of a pastoral letter, which an eminent prelate * had then addressed to his people, many copies of which became literally waste paper, and were consigned to the chandlers' shops.

One group more remains to be described: it is that which is entering the door, and which consists of a band of constables, headed by Sir John Gonson, who is very cautiously entering the room. That Sir John was the person intended in this print, is evident from a circumstance to be noticed in the next plate, where, on a door in Bridewell, a figure hanging is drawn in chalk, superscribed "Sir J. G." †

This magistrate was very active in the suppression of brothels. He is noticed by Pope (in his fourth satire of Dr Donne versified), and also by Mr Loveling in an elegant sapphic ode, which Mr Nichols has given at length. ‡ In "*A View of the Town*," in 1735, by Mr T. Gilbert, a fellow of Peterhouse, Cambridge, (and an intimate friend of Loveling's) the following lines occur:

> Though laws severe, to punish crimes, were made,
> What honest man is of these laws afraid?
> All felons against judges will exclaim,
> *As harlots tremble at a* GONSON'S *name.*

To return to our heroine:—These emissaries of the law have arrested her, together with her wretched

* Dr Gibson, Bishop of London.

† Nichols's Anecdotes, vol. ii. p. 100. ‡ Ibid, vol. i. p. 58.

attendant and companion in vice, and have conducted her to Bridewell;—a place of punishment unquestionably *well designed*, but the inefficacy of which, in reforming the moral habits, is daily evinced by the callous indifference with which the victims of prostitution return to their lawless pursuits.

HARLOT'S PROGRESS No. 4.

Hogarth del.   T. Clerk sculpt.

London Published as the Act directs by Robert Scholey 46 Paternoster Row.

PLATE IV.

Pitiable as the situation of our heroine was in her last residence, her present abode is far more wretched. We now behold her in company with pickpockets, sharpers, and females of her own profession,—suffering the punishment her vices had justly brought upon her,—reduced to the miserable alternative of beating hemp, or receiving the correction of the stern keeper;—and exposed to the derision of all around her, not excepting her own *servant.* The *latter,* indeed, seems to be familiarized to the place, and cannot refrain from insulting her; though, while tying up her garter, she displays a pair of gaudy shoes, which, together with the stockings, we may conclude to have been a present from her mistress in the days of her prosperity. From the villainous sneer visible on the countenance of the servant, we learn that ingratitude is the never-failing concomitant of infamy.

The surrounding figures are well grouped, and are well calculated to display the variety of punishments which are inflicted according to the greater or less degree of obstinacy in the offenders. Contiguous to the block where this victim of debauchery is beating hemp, lies a heavy log, which some are obliged to drag about, looked to their legs, and

with which her task-master seems to be menacing her; while the staple adjacent intimates that others are thus fastened to the ground. Those who will not work are suspended by the wrist for an hour or longer, at the discretion of their tyrannical overseer. Over the pillory, where this punishment is inflicted, appear these words—"*Better to work than stand thus;*" and on the whipping-post, near the figure in a laced coat (the tattered cards at whose feet show him to be a gamester) is this inscription —"*The Reward of Idleness.*" As the rigid keeper reaps the profits of their labours, all are compelled to work with little intermission. To illustrate the inefficiency of punishment like this in the prevention of crimes, Hogarth has introduced a one-eyed female (probably the task-master's wife), who, though close to the keeper, is not deterred from picking our heroine's pocket, at the same time casting a wishful eye towards the lappets of her head-dress.

Two or three objects more present themselves to our notice. The *first* is a young girl who scarcely appears to have entered her teens, and who seems to have been introduced as a pointed reflection on our police. Will it be credited by posterity, that in the *enlightened* nineteenth century these unfortunate females still nightly attract the notice of the reflecting spectator, or the libidinous sons of debauchery? The other character is a black woman, whose appearance demonstrates, that complexion of skin presents no barrier to prostitution. On the left-hand corner of this print, some waggish artist has displayed his ingenuity by sketching upon the wall a

pendent figure with a pipe in his mouth. This is designed as a caricature portrait of Sir John Gonson,* by whom, probably, he had been sent to this place to prosecute his pictorial studies.

The composition of this print, Mr Ireland observes, is tolerably good; the figures in the background, though properly subordinate, are sufficiently marked: the lassitude of the principal character is well contrasted with the rigid austerity of the overseer. A fine gradation of female debasement is observable, from the gaudy heroine of our drama to her maid, and from thence to a still lower object, "who is represented as destroying one of the plagues of Egypt!"†

But though the whole attitude of our heroine does certainly evince much of lassitude, the attentive physiognomist may notwithstanding discover in her countenance something like reflection,—perhaps remorse. In such a disagreeable situation, indeed, we are not to imagine her altogether destitute of reflection. What, under such circumstances, could be more natural than to think of the many anxious moments which she must have occasioned to her affectionate and indulgent parents, and to recollect her former ease and happiness? Considerations like these must augment her distress, and render her misery still more acute. Now, perhaps for the first time, she takes a retrospect of her past life;—reflects with horror on its odious scenes;—in some measure detests her proceedings, and determines upon a tho-

* See p. 71.

† Hogarth Illustrated, vol. i. p. 16.

rough change. While impressed with such a resolution the period of her confinement expires, and she is once more at liberty ; but, friendless and pennyless, this victim of folly and of sin has no resource —no place of shelter in which to conceal herself from the world.

At the time this striking scene was delineated by Hogarth, neither the Magdalen Hospital nor the Female Penitentiary had been instituted: the former has now existed for many years, and has been a means of reclaiming very many to the path of virtue. The latter, though comparatively of recent date, has already been productive of much benefit. —The establishment of similar institutions in other large cities and towns of this kingdom,—while it is calculated to display the benevolent influence of Christianity,—at the same time presents the reflecting observer with a melancholy view of the immorality of the age.

Had either of these benevolent institutions then been founded, it is possible that our heroine would have taken refuge beneath its friendly roof, and, having been restored to the paths of virtue, might have proved an useful member of civil society,—a comfort to her parents. But now, deserted by all, no resource is left but to return to her former habits. On then she goes in her accustomed course, till, consumed by poverty and disease, she falls a martyr to prostitution.

PL. XVII.

HARLOT'S PROGRESS Nº 5.

Hogarth del.t T. Clerk Sculp.t

London Published as the Act directs by Robert Scholey 46 Paternoster Row

PLATE V.

In this print the tragedy is completed: we now behold our heroine released from her confinement in Bridewell, in all the extremity of penury. This, indeed, is sufficiently marked by the appearance of her wretched apartment; in one corner of which coals are lying, while the opposite side presents to the view candles hanging against the wall, and, near them, a cake of *Jew bread,* given her probably by her Israelitish keeper (whom we noticed in the second plate), and which is now employed as a fly-trap. The bellows and gridiron, which are supported on nails,—the linen hung up to dry,—the bottle, plate, paper inscribed '*Anodyne Necklace,*' &c. on the floor, all contribute to show in striking colours the accumulated misery of our unfortunate heroine. Consequent on the loss of virtue is the loss of her health: she is here represented expiring of the disease incident to her profession. Two quacks (one of whom is known to be Dr Misaubin, a celebrated nostrum-monger of that day) are disputing about the efficacy of their pernicious drugs with no small vehemence: in vain does the servant entreat them to suspend their vociferations at this serious moment.

During this indecent contest, the callous nurse is plundering her mistress's trunk of its few remaining

valuables, regardless of the squabble between the rival quacks. One object alone in this plate excites our sympathy: it is the innocent victim of illicit love, who is turning a scanty piece of meat roasting at the fire.

During this scene of confusion the victim of indiscretion expires at the early age of *twenty-three;* as she lived in disgrace, so she died in infamy. The confusion, indeed, (Mr Ireland justly remarks,) is admirably represented.

"The noise of two enraged quacks, disputing in bad English,—the harsh vulgar scream of the maid-servant,—the table falling,—and the pot boiling over, must produce a combination of sounds dreadful and dissonant to the ear. In this pitiable situation, without a friend to close her dying eyes, or soften her sufferings by a tributary tear;—forlorn, destitute, and deserted, the heroine of this eventful history expires:—her premature death [being] brought on by a licentious life, seven years of which had been devoted to debauchery and dissipation, and attended by consequent infamy, misery, and disease. The whole story affords a valuable lesson to the young and inexperienced, and proves this great, this important truth, that

A DEVIATION FROM VIRTUE IS A DEPARTURE FROM HAPPINESS."*

* Mr J. Ireland's Hogarth Illustrated, vol. i. p. 19.

HARLOT'S PROGRESS. N°6.

Hogarth del. T. Clerk sculp.

London Published as the Act directs by Robert Scholey 46 Paternoster Row.

PLATE VI.

The tragical adventures of our heroine being concluded in the last scene, the present plate has by some* been considered as the *farce* at the conclusion of it: of which death is more frequently the occasion than the subject. It is, however, more probable that Hogarth designed to convey important *moral advice* after the death of his heroine; and that he has availed himself of this opportunity of indulging his humour in the ridicule of a funeral ceremonial, although he has done this at the expense of *propriety* in his delineation.

The room, for instance, is decorated with the escutcheons of her profession: but Mr Nichols has justly observed, " At the burial of a wanton, who expired in a garret, no escutcheons were ever hung up, or rings given away :" and he questions, if any bawd ever chose to avow that character before a clergyman, or any infant was ever habited as chief mourner, to attend a parent to the grave." †

The *consistency* of the characters is, however, well supported. The company here assembled is evidently of our heroine's profession. In one corner sits an

* Rouquet, and (after him) Dr John Trusler.

† Nichols's Hogarth, vol. ii. p. 103.

old procuress, howling for the dead with a bottle of Nantz by her side. On the opposite side is a clergyman, occupied in a manner utterly unbecoming his sacred profession; and so intent is he on ogling the female by his side, as to spill his wine on his handkerchief. Near them another is dealing out liquor, in order to support this *maudlin sorrow;* and close to the latter are two mourners habited in all the pride of funeral woe, one of whom is, notwithstanding, sipping her liquor; while the other wrings her hands, and is turning up her eyes with hypocritical ejaculation. Another is reconnoitring herself in a glass: and near her the undertaker, unappalled at the ghastly corpse, fixes his lascivious eyes on the woman whose glove he is fitting on; while she, unaffected at the awful solemnity, is artfully robbing him of his pocket-handkerchief. The only person in this group that seems at all touched with the present scene, is the woman contemplating the corpse of her departed associate. The boy, habited as chief mourner, and winding up his top, keeps up the spirit of the piece, and adds not a little to its humour. All the figures, indeed, are both strongly and characteristically marked.

THE success and popularity which attended the publication of these prints having already been noticed,* it only remains to notice one or two local customs, to which Hogarth has adverted.

* Vide supra, p. 9.

It will be observed, that the clergyman, who is here introduced, has in his left hand a sprig of rosemary; and that almost all the other personages are furnished with white pocket-handkerchiefs. At the time these plates were engraved, it was the general custom (now indeed disused, except in some of the more remote parts of this island,) to distribute among the mourners sprigs of rosemary: " and, to appear at a funeral without one, was as great an indecorum as to be without a white handkerchief." Mr Ireland (to whom we are indebted for this last fact) conjectures that the custom probably originated at a time when the plague depopulated the metropolis, and rosemary was deemed an antidote against contagion. It is still frequently put into the coffins of the dead.

We conclude our description of this series of prints with the following verses by a late ingenious and lamented young poet, who has glanced at the custom just noticed:

TO THE HERB ROSEMARY.

Sweet-scented flower! who art wont to bloom
On January's front severe,
And o'er the wintery desart drear,
To waft thy waste perfume!
Come, thou shalt form my nosegay now,
And I will bind thee round my brow;
And, as I twine the mournful wreath,
I'll weave a melancholy song,
And sweet the strain shall be, and long,
The melody of death.

Come, funeral flow'r! who lov'st to dwell
    With the pale corse in lonely tomb,
    And throw across the desert gloom
A sweet decaying smell.
  Come, press my lips, and lie with me,
  Beneath the lowly alder-tree;
And we will sleep a pleasant sleep,
    And not a care shall dare intrude
    To break the marble solitude,
So peaceful, and so deep.

And, hark! the wind-god, as he flies,
    Moans hollow in the forest-trees,
    And, sailing on the gusty breeze,
Mysterious music dies.
  Sweet flower, that requiem wild is mine,
  It warns me to the lowly shrine,
The cold turf altar of the dead;
  My grave shall be in yon lone spot,
  Where, as I lie by all forgot,
A dying fragrance thou wilt o'er my ashes shed.

"*Remains of H. K. White,*" vol. i. p. 19.

RAKE'S PROGRESS No. 1.

Hogarth delt. T. Clerk Sculpt.

London. Published as the Act directs by Robert Scholey 46 Paternoster Row.

THE

RAKE'S PROGRESS.

PLATE I.

MOTTO.

Oh, vanity of age untoward!
Ever spleeny, ever froward!
Why these bolts and massy chains,
Squint suspicions, jealous pains,
Why, thy toilsome journey o'er,
Lay'st thou in an useless store?
Hope along with time is flown,
Nor canst thou reap the field thou'st sown.
Hast thou a son? in time be wise—
He views thy toil with other eyes.
Needs must thy kind, paternal care,
Lock'd in thy chests be buried there?
Whence then shall flow that friendly ease,
That social converse, home-felt peace,
Familiar duty without dread,
Instruction from example bred,
Which youthful minds with freedom mend,
And with the father mix the friend?

Uncircumscribed by prudent rules,
Or precepts of expensive schools;
Abused at home, abroad despised,
Unbred, unletter'd, unadvised;
The headstrong course of youth begun,
What comfort from this darling son?

In the two preceding series of prints we have seen Hogarth's inventive genius brilliantly displayed in his delineation of the progressive rewards of virtue and sure punishment of vice. In the present series he has traced the certain consequences of prodigality in most striking colours, and thus holds out to the unthinking youth an important lesson.

"The first print of this capital work," (says the late Rev. Mr Gilpin,) "is an excellent representation of a young heir taking possession of a miser's effects. The passion of avarice, which hoards every thing without distinction,—what is and what is not valuable,—is admirably described."

Here we see the young heir, Rakewell, newly arrived from college, upon the death of his father. Eager to ascertain the extent of his possessions, he has caused the old wardrobes to be wrenched open;—the strong chests are unlocked; India bonds, mortgage-deeds, and other securities for money, are indiscriminately tumbled out; and the bags of gold, which had long been hoarded with griping care, are now exposed to the dishonest hands of those about him. The scrap of candle stuck upon a save-all upon the mantle-piece;—the picture over it of a miser counting his gold;—the rotten furniture of the room;

—the spectacle-frame destitute of glasses;—the miserable contents of the dusty wardrobe, consisting of an old boot, old periwigs, rusty swords, &c. together with the neglected crutch and walking-stick leaning against the wall,—all most accurately mark the character of the defunct miser.

From the mass of papers falls an old MS. memorandum, with this entry,—'*May 5th,* 1721, *put off my bad shilling*:'—thus intimating, that amid all his hoards of gold, the apprehension of losing a single shilling is to the miser a constant source of uneasiness.

In one part of the room we see a man hanging it with black cloth, on which are fixed escutcheons, containing (appropriately enough) the arms of the avaricious, viz. *three vices hard screwed,* with the motto BEWARE underneath. On the floor lies a pair of old shoes, which this sordid wretch is supposed to have long preserved, for the weight of iron in the nails, and which he had soled with leather cut from the covers of a family bible. The gold falling from the breaking cornice;—the jack and spit removed from their usual places, and hoisted up into a high cupboard;—the clean and empty chimney, in which an antiquated attendant is laying wood; and the emaciated figure of the famished cat, strongly characterize the miserable manner in which their late owner had dragged on a wretched existence.

We now turn to the hero of the piece, whose countenance exhibits such strong marks of simplicity, as to lay him open to the designs of the mercenary and unprincipled. While the country tailor is taking his

measure, the heir's attention is arrested by the entrance of a young woman having a wedding-ring, whom he had seduced under the promise of marriage, together with her mother, whose united applications he totally disregarded. Unmoved by her pregnant situation, or by the arguments or reproaches of the mother, whose apron is full of letters, he attempts to silence both by a bribe. In this altercation he is so closely engaged, as to give the pettyfogging solicitor an opportunity of robbing him, instead of making out the inventory for which he was employed.

The composition of this print, though not excellent, is not unpleasing. Mr Gilpin (whose critique on this series of plates is too valuable to be omitted) has very appropriately remarked, that "the principal group, consisting of the young gentleman, the tailor, the appraiser, [*attorney*,] the papers, and chest, is well shaped: but the eye is hurt by the disagreeable regularity of three heads nearly in a line, and at equal distances. The light is not ill-disposed; but the effect might have been improved. If the extreme parts of the mass (the white apron on one side, and the memorandum-book on the other) had been in shade, the *repose* had been less injured. The detached parts of a group should rarely catch a strong body of light.

"We have no striking instances of expression in this print. The principal figure is unmeaning. The only one which displays the true *vis comica* of Hogarth, is the appraiser [*attorney*] fingering the gold. You enter at once into his character. The young woman might have furnished the artist with an op-

portunity of presenting a more graceful figure, which would have been more pleasing. The figure he *has* introduced is by no means an object of allurement. The perspective is accurate, but affected. So many windows and open doors may show the author's learning, but they break the background and injure the simplicity of it."

[library stamp]

PLATE II.

MOTTO.

Prosperity, (with harlot smiles,
Most pleasing when she most beguiles)
How soon, sweet foe, with all thy train
Of false, gay, frantic, loud, and vain,
Enter the unprovided mind,
And memory in fetters bind?
Load faith and love with golden chain,
And sprinkle Lethe o'er the brain!
Pleasure, on her silver throne,
Smiling comes, nor comes alone;
Venus comes with her along,
And smooth Lyæus ever young;
And in their train, to fill the press,
Come apish Dance, and swoll'n Excess;
Mechanic Honour, vicious Taste,
And Fashion in her changing vest.

THIS second scene introduces our hero into all the dissipations of modish life. We first became acquainted with him when a youth of eighteen, fresh from college. He is now of age; has entirely thrown off the clownish school-boy, and assumes the man of taste and fashion. Instead of the rustic tailor who took measure of him for his father's mourning, he is now attended by French barbers, French tailors,

RAKE'S PROGRESS Nº 2.

Hogarth delᵗ — D. B. Pyet sculpᵗ

London, Published as the Act directs by Robert Scholey 46 Paternoster Row.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL

poets, milliners, and the whole retinue of a modern fine gentleman.

The foremost figure is evidently a Parisian dancing-master; behind him stand two celebrated teachers of the art of defence;—one a Frenchman of the name of Dubois, who taught the use of the small-sword, and who is here in the act of making a thrust with his foil;—the other is Figg, a noted English prize-fighter of that day, master of the quarter-staff. The vivacity of the Frenchman, and the cool contempt visible on the countenance of the Englishman, are admirably characteristic of the different temperaments of the two nations. To the left of Figg stands an improver of gardens (whose name was Bridgeman, and who was in his day held in much estimation); he is in the attitude of presenting a scheme for the better laying out of our young squire's grounds.

In addition to these various masters, he is attended by a performer on the French horn, who is in the right-hand corner, serenading his patron with his delectable notes. At the elbow of the latter is a stern-looking figure, with one hand on his breast and the other on his sword, who is easily ascertained to be a bravo, and who has brought a letter of recommendation, as one disposed to undertake any kind of services. This character, it has been observed, is rather Italian than English, and seems to have been introduced in order to fill up the list of persons who were at that time engaged in the employment of the votaries of fashion and extravagance. Below this bully, on one knee, is a jockey supporting a silver bowl, which one of his horses is

supposed to have won. In a chair on the left a professor of music is seated, whose fingers are running over a harpsichord, while he waits to give his pupil a lesson. This has been supposed to be intended for Handel, to whose portrait it bears a strong resemblance. At the back of this performer's chair hangs a long list of presents received by the celebrated Italian singer Farinelli, the day after he had represented a favourite character in that most idle, frivolous, and expensive of all fashionable amusements, the Italian opera. Among others is the following item, presented by our hero :—" *A gold snuff-box, chased with the story of Orpheus charming the brutes, from T. Rakewell, Esq.*" On the floor at the foot of this list, is an engraved frontispiece to a poem, dedicated to our fashionable spendthrift, and representing the British ladies as sacrificing their hearts to this same idol Farinelli, and exclaiming with the utmost earnestness—" *One God,—one Farinelli !!!*"

The group of figures in the back-ground represents tailors, peruke-makers, milliners, and the other usual attendants on men of quality. One, however, is too conspicuous to be unnoticed ; he is evidently a poet, reciting a panegyric on our hero, whose applauses he already seems to enjoy by anticipation.

The ornaments of young Rakewell's apartments are perfectly in character. The portraits of two fighting cocks, intimate that, in addition to the other branches of fashionable expenditure, he has acquired a passion for that *disgrace to the English character*—COCK-FIGHTING : between these, however, Hogarth has placed a picture representing the *judgment of Paris*, which (Mr Ireland observes) bears a whim-

sical allusion. The attitude of Venus is graceful; but the cool indifference and *sang froid* of the Trojan Shepherd, carelessly seated, while the fair competitors for the prize are standing up, is intolerable."*

"The expression in this print," (Mr Gilpin observes,) "is wonderfully great. The dauntless front of the bully,—the keen eye and elasticity of the fencing-master,—and the simpering importance of the dancing-master, are admirably expressed. The last is perhaps a little *outré*. The architect [*improver of grounds*] is a strong copy from nature. The composition seems to be entirely subservient to the expression. It appears as if Hogarth had sketched in his memorandum-book all the characters which he has here introduced, but was at a loss how to group them; and chose rather to introduce them in detached figures, as he had sketched them, than to lose any part of the expression by combining them. The light is ill distributed.† It is spread indiscriminately over the print, and destroys the whole. We have no instance of grace in any of the figures. The

* Ireland's Hogarth, vol. i. p. 34, note.

† On this remark Mr Ireland thus comments:—"The light, it must be acknowledged, is very ill distributed, and the figures most inartificially grouped. To infer from hence with Mr Gilpin, that the artist '*was at a loss how to group them*,' is not quite fair: his other compositions prove that he was not ignorant of the art, but in many of them he has been inattentive to it. In this he may have introduced in his print figures which were not inserted in the sketch, merely because they were appropriate to his story. The *expression* of the actors in his drama was always his leading object: *composition* he considered as secondary, and was little solicitous about their situation on the stage." Vol. i. p. 36.

principal figure is very deficient. There is no contrast in the limbs, which is always attended with a degree of ungracefulness. The execution is very good: it is elaborate, yet free. The satire on operas, though it may be well directed, is forced and unnatural."

RAKE'S PROGRESS Nº 3.

Hogarth delt T. Clerk sculpt

London. Publish'd as the Act directs by Robert Scholey 46 Paternoster Row.

PLATE III.

MOTTO.

" O vanity of youthful blood,
So by misuse to poison good!
Woman, framed for social love,
Fairest gift of powers above,
Source of ev'ry household blessing,
All charms in innocence possessing:
But, turn'd to vice, all plagues above,
Foe to thy being, foe to love!
Guest divine, to outward viewing,
Ablest minister of ruin!
" And thou, no less of gift divine,
Sweet poison of misused wine!
With freedom led to ev'ry part,
And secret chamber of the heart,
Dost thou thy friendly host betray,
And shew thy riotous gang the way
To enter in, with covert treason,
O'erthrow the drowsy guard of reason,
To ransack the abandon'd place,
And revel there with wild excess."

THIS plate carries us still deeper into the history; and we meet our hero engaged in one of his evening amusements. *Having beat the rounds*, defeated the constable of the night, and knocked down a watch-

man, (as is evident from the trophy of the staff and lanthorn at his feet,) behold this deluded son of dissipation in a state of bestial intoxication. In this condition he is robbed of his watch by the girl whose hand is in his bosom, and who is dexterously conveying her plunder to an associate in villainy, that stands behind our hero's chair.

The mutilated state of the furniture, obvious from the *decapitated pictures*, broken mirrors, &c. seems to intimate that the former part of the evening had been devoted to wanton mischief: and the characters he introduced are strictly descriptive of the wretched company to which our hero resorts for recreation. Two of these frail nymphs are at high words; one of them is spouting wine in the face of her antagonist, who, grasping a knife, vows vengeance for this insult. Behind them is another, indignant at being slighted, placing a lighted candle against a map of the world, swearing she will fire the world, though she should expire in its flames. In the front, a woman is undressing, in order to exhibit some indecent postures,—(a filthy practice by which she obtained a precarious maintenance,) the large pewter dish, which a porter is bringing in, being designed for one of her positions. To crown the whole, a blind harper and a trumpeter are introduced, for the purpose of accompanying the ragged girl who is bawling out an obscene song.

"The design of this print," (Mr Gilpin remarks,) "is good, and may be a very exact description of the humours of a brothel. The *composition* too is not amiss: but we have few of those masterly strokes

which distinguish the works of Hogarth. The whole is plain history. The lady setting the world on fire is the best thought: and there is some humour in furnishing the room with a set of Cæsars, and not placing them in order.

" *Expression* we have a little throughout the whole print. That of the principal figure is the best. The ladies have all the air of their profession, but no variety of character. Hogarth's women are in general very inferior to his men: the female face has seldom strength of feature enough to admit the strong markings of expression."

PLATE IV.

MOTTO.

"O vanity of youthful blood,
So by misuse to poison good!
Reason awakes, and views unbarr'd
The sacred gates he watch'd to guard;
Approaching sees the harpy—*Law*,
And *Poverty*, with icy paw,
Ready to seize the last remains
That vice has left of all his gains.
Cold Penitence, lame After-thought,
With fears, despair, and horrors fraught,
Call back his guilty pleasures dead,
Whom he hath wrong'd, and whom betray'd."

VERY disagreeable accidents often befal gentlemen of pleasure;—an event of this kind is recorded in the scene before us. Our hero is arrested by a bailiff while going in full dress to court to pay his compliments on St David's day *—(which festival is indicated by the enormous leek visible in the pompous Welshman's hat). To add to his misfortune, while the sheriff's officer is seizing his prey, the lamp-

* The first of March was the birth-day of the late Queen Caroline, consort of George II.

PL.XXII.

RAKE'S PROGRESS No. 4.

Hogarth delt. D.B.Pyet sculpt.

London, Published as the Act directs by Robert Scholey 46 Paternoster Row.

lighter above carelessly spills his oil on the spendthrift's head; while a young urchin is making a prize of his gold-headed cane.

Our attention in this plate is attracted by the young woman whom Rakewell had seduced, and whom the observant reader may remember to have seen introduced in the first print. From the bandbox falling by her side she is evidently become a milliner, and, with undiminished regard, she offers her little purse for the release of her worthless betrayer. This liberates the dissipated captive, and affords a striking proof of that constant affection in the female sex which, when once rooted, the severest treatment can hardly alienate.

In the back-ground we are presented with a view of St James's Palace, and of White's chocolate house, a noted rendezvous in the last century for sharpers and gamesters. To intimate, at the same time, that gambling is not confined to the great and the opulent, our artist has introduced a motley group of chimney-sweepers, &c. &c. variously occupied with cups and balls, throwing dice, playing at cards, and pricking in the belt. One of these having lost his clothes, is now staking his basket, brushes, and blacking. To carry on the humour of the scene (and by way of contrast to that of the chocolate-house above mentioned), Hogarth has introduced a smutty little politician smoking his pipe, and most studiously perusing the *Farthing Post*, (a newspaper at that time in circulation, and, as its name imports, sold for—ONE FARTHING!)

The composition and grouping of the figures in

this plate, upon the whole, are pleasing. The surprise and terror of the poor beau are apparent in every limb, as far as is consistent with the fear of discomposing his dress. The insolence of power in one of the sheriff's officers, and the unfeeling heart (which can sport with misery) in the other, are strongly marked. The self-importance of the honest Welshman is not ill pourtrayed.

RAKE'S PROGRESS No. 5.

Hogarth del. *T. Clerk sculp. Edin.*

London. Published as the Act directs by Robert Scholey 46 Paternoster Row.

PLATE V.

MOTTO.

"Now to the school of hard mishap,
Driv'n from the ease of fortune's lap,
What schemes will nature not embrace,
T' avoid less shame of drear * distress?
GOLD can the charms of youth bestow,
And mask deformity with show;
Gold can avert the sting of shame,
In winter's arms create a flame;
Can couple youth with hoary age,
And make antipathies engage."

DIFFICULTIES continuing to crowd fast upon our hero, we here behold him driven to the necessity of marrying a one-eyed, ugly, antiquated sibyl, whom he detests, as an expedient for recruiting his wasted fortune. The nuptial ceremony is performing in the old church of St Mary-le-bone; which (being *formerly* in the outskirts of the metropolis) was the usual rendezvous for those who were desirous of being privately married. *Secretly*, however, as Rakewell might

* Some copies of these lines which we have seen, read *lean* distress.

wish to celebrate *his* nuptials, they do not take place without the knowledge of the young woman (who so lately released him from the talons of the law), and who, together with her child and mother, are endeavouring to enter the church, and prevent the completion of the ceremony. They are opposed by the old pew-opener, whose character is critically pourtrayed by her bunch of keys whirling in the air; and who seems not a little apprehensive lest she should lose her usual fee on this occasion. A violent altercation ensues, which Hogarth has drawn with his accustomed humour. The parson and his clerk (whose *nasal* harmony we may almost imagine ourselves to hear) are well paired; and the burlesque of the piece is not ill supported by the introduction of our artist's favourite pug-dog Trump, paying his devoirs to a one-eyed female of the same breed.

It only remains to notice the church, which exhibits every appearance of rapid decay. The creed is torn, the COMMANDMENTS are *most literally broken*, a crack runs through the table near the tenth, which says, *Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife;* "a prohibition (Mr Ireland remarks) in the present case hardly necessary. And so little attention has been paid to the poor's-box, that—it is covered with *a cobweb !!!* These three high-wrought strokes of satirical humour were, perhaps, never equalled by an exertion of the pencil,—excelled they cannot be."*

The branches of holly and bay that decorate the pews, mark the period of the year when this unna-

* J. Ireland's "Hogarth Illustrated," vol. i. p. 48.

tural *junction* is taking place to be about Christmas. —On one of the pews are the following lines, which all the commentators on our author have preserved, as a curious specimen of church-yard poetry :

THESE : PEWES : VNSCRVD : AND : TANE : IN : SVNDER
IN : STONE : THERS : GRAVEN : WHAT : IS : VNDER
TO : WIT : A : VALT : FOR : BVRIAL : IS
WHICH : EDWARD : FOREST : MADE : FOR : HIM : AND HIS.*

The composition of this piece is good: the principal figure is graceful; and there is strong expression in the seeming tranquillity of his features. He conceals his contempt of the withered object before him as well as he can; and yet he cannot do it. The introduction of a *glory* over *her* head has a comical effect; and she also has as much meaning as can appear through the deformity of her features. Applying to *herself*, HIS amorous glances towards her maid, the affected bride returns them with *a squint of* satisfaction !

* Part of these lines, in raised letters, now form a pannel in the wainscot at the end of the right-hand gallery, as the church is entered from the street. No heir of the Forest (or *Forret*) family appearing, the vault has been claimed and used by his grace the (late ?) Duke of Portland, as lord of the manor. *Ibid. note.*

PLATE VI.

MOTTO.

"Gold! thou bright son of Phœbus, source
Of universal intercourse;
Of weeping virtue sweet redress,
And blessing those, who live to bless:—
Yet oft behold this sacred trust,
The tool of avaricious lust,
No longer bond of human kind,
But bane of ev'ry virtuous mind.
What chaos such misuse attends!
Friendship stoops to prey on friends;
Health, that gives relish to delight,
Is wasted with the wasting night:
Doubt and mistrust are thrown on heav'n,
And all its pow'r to chance is given.
Sad purchase of repentant tears,
Of needless quarrels, endless fears,
Of hopes of moments, pangs of years!
Sad purchase of a tortur'd mind,
To an imprison'd body join'd!"

THE fortune, which our adventurer purchased by his unnatural union, enabled him to make one more effort at the gaming-table. In the scene before us, he is exhibited, after having lost his last stake, upon

PL. XLIV.

RAKE'S PROGRESS No. 6.

Hogarth del.

D.B. Pyet sculp.

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his knees, in a desperate state of mind, uttering the direst imprecations on his folly. On his right hand sits a highwayman, designated to be such by the pistols in his pocket, who is so absorbed in reflection on his consummate folly in thus losing what he had acquired at the risk of his life, as not to observe the boy who is jogging and bawling to him to take his water. The fire-place, it should be remarked, is covered with a grate, to prevent such accidents as might otherwise arise from the rage of the company. Behind the boy stands one (apparently a foreigner) who has also lost his all, biting his nails for very madness.

At the small table on the left sits an usurer, to whom one of the players offers a note. This usurer is said to be old *Manners* (brother to John Duke of Rutland); to whom the old Duke of Devonshire lost the great estate of Leicester Abbey.* Behind this figure sits a person in mourning, apparently in an agony of repentance. Beyond the latter is another loser, furiously aiming a blow with his sword at the supposed unfair winner, whom he seems disposed to murder, if not withheld by the intervention of a third person.—In the back-ground, two *fraudulent* gamesters are with great glee sharing the spoils of the evening; and another is very coolly sweeping off the table the produce of his successful play. So closely occupied are all the parties here introduced, that they are insensible of the fire, which is bursting out from the upper part of the apartment; and, were it not for the opportune en-

* J. Ireland's Hogarth Illustrated, vol. i. p. 52, *note*. Manners amassed a considerable fortune by gaming.

trance of the watchman, they would probably perish in the flames.

This, Mr Gilpin thinks, is upon the whole, perhaps, the best print of the set; the horrid scene it describes was never more inimitably drawn. The *composition* is artful and natural. The *expression* in almost every figure is admirable; and the whole is a strong representation of the human mind in a storm.

RAKE'S PROGRESS No. 7. PL. XIV.

Hogarth del.t D. B. Pyet sculp.t

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PLATE VII.

MOTTO.

Happy the man, whose constant thought
(Though in the school of hardship taught)
Can send remonstrance back to fetch
Treasures from life's earliest stretch:
Who, self-approving, can review
Scenes of past virtues that shine through
The gloom of eye, and cast a ray
To gild the evening of his day!
Not so the guilty wretch, confined;
No pleasures meet his roving mind;
No blessings brought from early youth,
But broken faith, and wrested truth;
Talents idle and unused,
And ev'ry trust of heaven abused.
In seas of sad reflection lost,
From horrors still to horrors toss'd,
Reason the vessel leaves to steer,
And gives the helm to mad Despair.

THE transition from a gambling-house to a prison is natural. The last scene presented this victim of dissipation to us execrating his ill fortune: we now behold him a tenant of the Fleet, in a most distressing situation, without a coat to his back, destitute of money, and without a friend to help him in his ex-

tremity. His wife is furiously reproaching him for his perfidy in having deceived her and ruined her fortune: on the table by his side lies a play, just returned from the manager of a theatre, with a note stating, that it "*will not doe.*" To add to his distress, the poor young woman whom he had deserted comes to visit him, accompanied by the innocent offspring of her amours, with the fruitless hope, perhaps, of mitigating his sorrows. Overpowered by the sight of such misery, she faints away. Amid the confusion which naturally ensues, the rapacious turnkey obstreperously demands his prison fees; while the publican's boy refuses to leave the frothy tankard without being paid for his beer;—requests these with which our hero is unable to comply.

There is much expression in the principal figure: and the fainting scene is well described. Among the persons assisting the fainting mother, (one of whom is clapping her hand while another applies pungent drops to her nostrils,) we observe an antiquated figure, whose squalid appearance evidently indicates him to have been for a long time an inmate of the prison. From his pocket falls a *Scheme to pay off the National Debt*, by a man who cannot pay his own! In the back-ground is an alchemist, so intently occupied in pursuit of the philosopher's stone, as to be utterly unmoved by the scene which passes before him. The scene is rendered still more interesting by the cries of the infant.

The furniture of the place should not be unnoticed—the gridiron in one corner, and the bed in another, have been brought hither for our hero's use.

Over the latter is placed a pair of artificial wings, intended, perhaps, to denote either that scheming is the sure and certain road to beggary, or probably to intimate (as some commentators on our artist have conjectured) that some modern Dædalus had attempted to escape from confinement by this contrivance; but, his project being frustrated, he had exhibited this specimen of his mechanical genius on the tester of his bed.*

The composition of this piece is bad: the group of the woman fainting (Mr Gilpin observes) is a round heavy mass; and the other group is very ill-shaped. The features, however, of the hero of this tragedy are drawn with singular strength and felicity. Every muscle is marked, and every nerve is unstrung. Now for the first time, perhaps, he feels the effects of piercing cold, of want, and hunger. Shame, confusion, and remorse agonise his exhausted frame, which, sinking under the accumulated weight of misery, (misery too of *his own creation*,) he falls a victim to mad despair.

* Mr Ireland's Hogarth Illustrated, vol. i. p. 53.

PLATE VII.

MOTTO.

Madness! thou chaos of the brain,
What art, that pleasure giv'st and pain?
Tyranny of Fancy's reign!
Mechanic Fancy! that can build
Vast labyrinths, and mazes wild,
With rule disjointed, shapeless measure,
Fill'd with horror, fill'd with pleasure!
Shapes of horror, that would even
Cast doubt of mercy upon heaven:
Shapes of pleasure, that—but seen—
Would split the shaking sides of spleen.
O vanity of age! here see
The stamp of heaven effaced by thee?
The head-strong course of youth thus run,
What comfort from this darling son!
His rattling chains with terror hear,
Behold death grappling with despair;
See him by thee to ruin sold,
And curse thyself, and curse thy gold!

Our hero's adventures are brought to a conclusion in this plate, which is a very expressive delineation of the most horrid scene that human nature can exhibit, and in which Hogarth has introduced as many

RAKE'S PROGRESS. No. 8. PL. XXVI.

Hogarth del.^t

T. Clerk sculp.^t

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of the causes of madness as he could well have collected.

Behold the spendthrift then in a state of hopeless insanity, lacerating himself with his own hands, and chained by the leg to prevent him from doing any mischief to others. Yet even here does the firm regard of his deserted mistress conduct her, with the hope of alleviating his wretched state in a mad-house.

Among the other strongly marked characters introduced in this print, is a despairing wretch, (in the cell on the right-hand corner,) imploring heaven for mercy: his brain has been crazed by superstition, as we may infer from the cross leaning near him, and from the pictures of three saints fixed over his head. Behind our hero is an astronomer drawing lines upon the wall, in order to find out the longitude; and a little below him is another gazing through a roll of paper as a substitute for a telescope! In the cell next him is a mock-monarch, issuing his commands with all the "*pomp and circumstance*" of royalty.

On the left is a rival to the successors of St Peter, fulminating his excommunications against heretics; and below him a mad musician, scraping discordant notes on his violin: but neither the thunders of the pope, nor the strains of Orpheus, seem to make any impression on the person sitting on the stairs. From the portrait round his neck, and the words '*Charming Betty Careless,*' scratched upon the banisters, he is evidently crazed by love; and so intently is he meditating on the beauties of his charmer, as to disregard the snarling cur that is barking at him.

This melancholy group is completed by the crazy

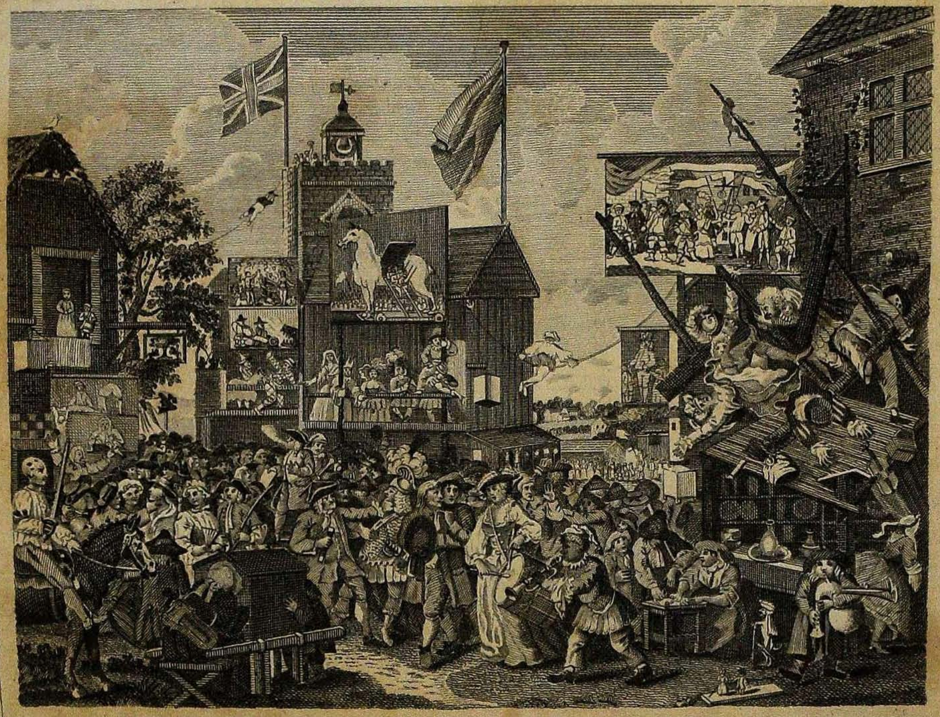
tailor in the centre, whose hat is decorated with a variety of patterns, and whose attention appears wholly to be absorbed by his measure. In the back-ground two women are introduced as spectators of the melancholy scene before us; perhaps as a tacit censure on that boundless curiosity which impels many to witness scenes of distress they cannot mitigate.

The disposition of all the figures is good, and the light is judiciously disposed. Though our artist has introduced two religionists and two astronomers, yet there is strong expression in all the characters. "The self-satisfaction and conviction of him who has discovered the longitude,—the mock majesty of the *Monarch*,—the moody melancholy of the *Lover*, —and the superstitious horror of the popish *Devotee*, —are *all* admirable. The perspective is simple and proper."*

* The Rev. Mr Gilpin.

PL. XXVIII.

SOUTHWARK FAIR.



Hogarth del.

T. Clerk Sculp. Edinr.

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SOUTHWARK FAIR.

Fairs are of very ancient origin, and were primarily instituted with a view to afford to buyers and sellers proper opportunities of purchasing and disposing of commodities, at a time when the commercial intercourse of distant towns and countries was far more difficult than at present. Their duration was various, and different privileges were conferred in order to promote the attendance of itinerant traders.

Through the change of time, however, and the growing licentiousness of successive ages, fairs have in general become (in this country at least) little else but seasons of *riot and dissipation.** Such scenes were presented at the *Southwark Fair;* which (continuing a fortnight, and being attended by the inhabitants of the metropolis, as well as from the country) afforded the greatest variety of every thing that can be conceived to be loose, disorderly, irregular, and licentious. It would be no small gratification to the

* There are a few exceptions, in which the original intention for which fairs were instituted is still supported. Such are the fairs of Chester, Preston, and some other towns in England; and Frankfort, Leipsic, and other towns on the continent.

peaceable and orderly members of the community, if a stop could be put to the nuisance of Bartholomew Fair, now annually held in Smithfield.

Dramatic performances composed a principal amusement at the fair held in the Borough, which has now been suppressed for many years; and, as humorous accidents sometimes attend the professors of the sock and buskin, Hogarth has here exerted all his comic genius in exhibiting every possible incident that could take place at the time this picture was painted, (the year 1733).

We commence our description from the *right* of the plate.—On a *falling scaffold*, a company of strolling players are about to perform the tragedy of the FALL *of Bajazet*. "Confusion worse confounded" prevails among this group. Queens, emperors, and their attendants are all *determining* to their proper level: the musical instruments (consisting indeed only of a salt-box and a fiddle!) are falling in different directions; and, in order to increase the crash, Hogarth has whimsically placed beneath a stand of *earthenware* and *china*. The monkey and merry andrew are the only two performers of this woful tragedy that seem likely to escape the general ruin.

Above the scaffold hangs a painting, the subject of which is the *stage-mutiny;* and which alludes to a dispute that arose in 1733, between the actors and patentee of Drury-lane theatre, (Mr Highmore,) when Theophilus Cibber, the son of the laureat, was at the head of the faction. Before we proceed to notice the figures composing this group, it may be proper to state, that the mutineers having engaged

the little theatre in the Haymarket, commenced their campaign with considerable success, to the great disadvantage of the patentee; whose performers (being collected from country companies) were so very inferior to the faction, that he was obliged to relinquish the contest, and to dispose of the concern. On one side is "*Ancient Pistol*," (young Cibber,) strutting and exclaiming '*Pistol's alive*:' near him is the merry knight *Falstaff*, (Harper, an actor who shone particularly in that character,) together with Justice *Shallow* and *Bardolph*, waving banners, on which is inscribed "*Liberty and Property; we eat*," &c. On the other side is a female figure carrying a flag, with the inscription "*We'll starve 'em out.*" In the corner is a man (supposed to be Colley Cibber) with the words "*Quiet and Snug*" beneath his feet: he is hugging a bag of money, and laughing at the folly of the rest. Behind is a monkey bestriding a sign-iron, and squeaking out '*I am a Gentleman.*' The tall thin figure holding a paper, on which is written "*It cost* £6000," (Mr Ireland conjectures,) is designed for the manager, Mr Highmore; as the scene-painter (indicated by the paint-pot and brushes at his feet) is intended for John Ellis, who was principal scene-painter to old Drury Lane theatre. He is here represented as having taken up the cudgel in behalf of the patentee.

A little below the picture just described, a dancer on the slack-rope is exhibiting his agile performances. The man descending from the steeple, is said to represent one Cadman, who performed a similar feat at St Martin's in the Fields, from the steeple of which

he descended into the King's Mews.* The aërial voyager represented in this plate, is performing his flight by means of a groove fastened to his breast, slipping over a line strained from one place to another. At the back of this print is a large shew-cloth, announcing the Siege of Troy; beneath which the performers are rehearsing their parts. Of the two next paintings, the subject of one is the fall of Adam and Eve; the other represents a scene in Punch's opera, where the merry seignior is wheeling his rib into the "jaws of destruction." Below, a mountebank elevated on a stage is devouring fire, to the great amusement of the wondering spectators, to whom his attendant merry andrew dispenses his infallible nostrums. Still further in the back-ground to the left, appear a shift and hat suspended on poles, the former of which is the prize allotted to the best swiftest-footed nymph; and the latter for the successful cudgel-player or wrestler. In the back-ground on the right, the fortunate candidate is elevated on a man's shoulders in triumphal procession.

In the centre, we observe a group of strollers parading the fair, in order to collect an audience for their next exhibition: among them is a female drummer, whose charms appear to have irresistibly

* Mr Ireland (Hogarth Illustrated, vol. i. p. 81) states, that in a similar experiment at Shrewsbury the rope broke, and he was dashed to pieces.—We have somewhere heard an anecdote of a late prelate, whose permission being requested for the fixing of a rope to the steeple of his cathedral church for this purpose, he replied: "He might fly TO the church whenever he pleased, but he would never give his consent to any one's flying FROM it."

rivetted the attention of two country fellows. Her buskined companion, however, is fixed by different objects : his career is stopped by the rude grasp of a bailiff, whose vigilance he cannot elude. Close to this group a Savoyard is exhibiting her little shew ; and behind her a player at back-sword makes his triumphant entrance, his head and face covered with scars, and challenging the whole world to open combat. To this man a dexterous rogue directs the attention of a simple countryman, whose pocket he contrives to lighten while the latter is pondering on the valorous achievements of the prize-fighter. Further in the crowd, one fellow is saluting a girl, while another artfully attempts to deeoy her two unsuspecting companions to their ruin : and above, two jugglers, decorated with sapient perukes, are performing various slight-of-hand tricks, to the amazement of the gaping spectators.

Two figures more remain to be noticed.—The first is the little performer on the bag-pipes, attended by a monkey walking erect, and with his foot dancing his little fantoccini figures. The other is a woman with her dice-box : she appears in earnest contention with a boy who seems to doubt her integrity. They are all so intently engaged as to be insensible of the danger inpending over their heads from the falling scaffold.

Extended as our description of this print has necessarily been, it is scarcely practicable to trace *every figure* and *allusion* which Hogarth has introduced. The spirit of the numerous characters is supported throughout with admirable humour.

MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE.

The causes of unhappy marriages have furnished employment for the reflecting philosopher, the fancy of the novelist, and the imagination of the poet. It was reserved for the pencil of Hogarth to embody *their* ideas, to reprobate the absurdity and folly of forming matrimonial connections *chiefly* for pecuniary considerations: and as this practice is most prevalent in the higher circles, he has taken the subject of *Marriage à-la-Mode* from high life; and, it must be acknowledged, has treated it in his happiest manner.

These plates were published in the year 1745; and the pictures were afterwards (in 1750) disposed of by a kind of private auction, not carried on by personal bidding, but by a written ticket, on which every one was to put the price he would give, with his name subscribed thereto. The successful purchaser was the late Mr Lane, (of Hillingdon,) who communicated the particulars of this singular transaction to Mr Nichols:* the following descriptions were found among Mr L.'s papers after his decease, and his family believe them to be *Hogarth's explanations*, either copied from the artist's own *hand-*

* Nichols's Hogarth, vol. i. p. 183.

writing, or *verbally given* to Mr Lane at the time he purchased the pictures. That the descriptions in question are Hogarth's is highly probable; as, on comparing them with the explanations published in French by Roucquet, (to whom the painter is *known* to have communicated information,) there is a very striking coincidence.* We therefore subjoin the artist's *own* account of his pictures, with the addition, however, of such supplemental facts and remarks as either suggested themselves, or could be obtained after minute investigation.

* Trusler's Descriptions in a great degree also correspond.—Hogarth's explanations were first given to the public by Mr J. Ireland, (Hogarth Illustrated, vol. i. p. 84,) to whom we are indebted for them.

PLATE I.

"THERE is always a something wanting to make men happy.—The great think themselves not sufficiently rich, and the rich believe themselves not enough distinguished. This is the case of the alderman of London, and the motive which makes him covet for his daughter the alliance of a great Lord; who, on his part, does not consent thereto but on condition of enriching his son; and this is what the painter calls *Marriage à-la-Mode.*"

"These sort of marriages are truly but too common in England, and it is moreover not unfrequent to see them unhappy as they are ill chosen. The two figures of the Alderman and the Earl are in every respect so well *characterized* that they explain themselves. The Alderman,* with an air of business, counts his money like a man used to this employment; and the Earl, full of his titles and the greatness of his birth, which he lets you see goes as high as William the Conqueror, is in an attitude which shews him full of pride; you think you hear him say, ME, MY Arms, MY Titles, MY Family, MY Ancestors:—every thing about him carries marks of distinction; his very crutches, the humbling consequence of his

* Roucquet calls him a *sheriff,* (echevin,) and such in fact he is, as is obvious from the gold chain hanging from his neck. ED.

Pl. [illegible]

MARRIAGE A LA MODE. No. 1.

Hogarth delt.

T. Clerk Sculpt.

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infirmities, are decked with an earl's coronet; these infirmities are introduced here as the usual consequence of that irregularity of living but too frequent among the great. The two persons who are betrothed, on their parts are by no means attentive to one another. The one looks at himself in the glass, is taking snuff, and thinking of nothing: the other is playing negligently with a ring, and seems to hear with indifference the conversation of a kind of a lawyer, (counsellor Silver-tongue,) who attends the execution of the marriage articles. Another lawyer is exclaiming with admiration on the beauty of a building seen at a distance, and upon which the Earl has spent his whole fortune, and has not sufficient to finish the same. A number of idle footmen, who are about the court of this building, finish the representation of the ruinous pageantry in which the Earl is engaged."

The furniture of the apartment is in unison with the proud character of the peer, whose coronet may frequently be observed. The cumbrous ornaments of the cieling (delineating the destruction of Pharaoh and his host in the Red Sea) are supposed to be intended as a ridicule of false taste; the pompous picture on the left of the window is also designed as a banter upon the preposterous style of the French portrait painters. This ancestor of our peer is decorated with the insignia of several foreign orders: at the top of one corner of the painting, two winds are blowing across each other, while the hero's drapery flies in contrary directions. A comet is passing with a stream of light over his head: in his left-hand

he grasps the thunderbolts of Jupiter; and, with a mingled smile of self-complacency and pertness, he is sitting on a cannon just discharged, the ball of which, absurdly enough, is still visible.

The subjects of the other pictures are, *David killing Goliah,—Prometheus and the Vulture,—the Murder of the Innocents,—Judith and Holofernes,—St Sebastian shot full of Arrows,—Cain destroying Abel, and the Martyrdom of St Lawrence on the Gridiron.*

"Among such little circumstances as might escape the notice of a careless spectator," (Mr Nichols observes,*) "is the thief in the candle, emblematical of the mortgage on his lordship's estate." He further remarks, that the unfinished "edifice seems at a stand for want of money, no workmen appearing on the scaffolds or near them."

In order to keep up the humour of the scene, Hogarth has introduced two pointers, (in the left-hand corner, near the intended bride and bridegroom,) chained together against their will, as fitly emblematic of the nuptial ceremony which is about to be performed.—One of the dogs that is lying down, has a *coronet* stamped on its side.

All the characters are admirably drawn.

* Nichols's Hogarth, vol. ii. p. 181.

PL. XIX.

MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE Nº 2.

Hogarth del.

T. Clerk sculp. Edin.

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PLATE II.

" THAT indifference between the parties which preceded Marriage à-la-Mode has not been wanting to follow it. We unite ourselves by contract, and we live separately by inclination. Tired and fatigued one of another, such husbands and wives have nothing in common but a house, tiresome to the husband, and into which he enters as late as he can; and which would not be less tiresome to the lady, was it not sometimes the theatre of other pleasures, either in entertainments or routs. There is here represented a room where there has just been one of these routs, and the company just separated, as you see by the wax-candles not yet extinguished. The clock shows you it is noon; and this anticipation of the night upon the day, is not the slightest of those strokes which are intended to show the disorder which reigns in the house. Madam, who has just had her tea, is in an attitude which explains itself, perhaps, too much. Be that as it will, the painter's intention is to represent this lady neglected by her husband, under dispositions which make a perfect contrast with the present situation of this husband, who is just come home, and who appears in a state of the most perfect indifference, fatigued, exhausted, and glutted with pleasure. This figure of the hus-

band, by the novelty of its turn, the delicacy and truth of its expression, is most happily executed. A steward of an old stamp, one of those, if such there be, who are contented with their salary, seizes this moment, not being able to find another, to settle some accounts. The disorder which he perceives gives him a motion which expresses his chagrin, and his fear for the speedy ruin of his master."

The cards scattered on the floor, the treatise of *Hoyle* lying at our heroine's feet, the music and musical instruments thrown down, are strongly characteristic of her dissipated habits; she is yawning with ennui, while the fatigued and disordered appearance of her husband evidently shews that *he* has not been much better employed. The nature of *his* nocturnal pursuits is sufficiently marked by his broken sword, and also by the female cap hanging out of his pocket, whence it is on the point of being drawn by a playful lap-dog. It is worthy of note, that Hogarth has humorously put into the steward's hands a number of unpaid bills, and placed upon the file only *one receipt!* The servant in the back-ground seems utterly inattentive to his lord and lady, and to take no notice whatever of the chair on his right, which is in danger of taking fire from the blaze of an expiring taper.

MARRIAGE A LA MODE. Nº 3. PL. XXVI.

Hogarth delt. T. Clerk sculpt

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PLATE III.

"The bad conduct of the hero of the piece must be shewn here; the painter for this purpose introduces him into the apartment of a quack, where he would not have been but for his debauchery. He makes him meet at the same time, at this quack's, one of those women, who, being ruined themselves long since, make afterwards the ruin of others their occupation. A quarrel is supposed to have arisen between this woman and our hero, and the subject thereof appears to be the bad condition, in point of health, of a young girl, from a commerce with whom he had received an injury. This poor girl makes here a contrast on account of her age, her fearfulness, her softness, with the character of the other woman, who appears a composition of rage, madness, and of all other crimes which usually accompany these abandoned women towards those of their own sex. The doctor and his apartments are objects thrown in by way of episode. Although heretofore only a barber, he is now, if you judge by the appearance he makes, not only a surgeon, but a naturalist, a chemist, a mechanic, a physician, and an apothecary; and, to heighten the ridicule, you see he is a Frenchman. The painter, to finish this cha-

racter according to his own idea, makes him the inventor of machines extremely complicated, for the most simple operations, as, one to reduce a dislocated limb, and another to draw the cork out of a bottle."

This circumstance of the barber-surgeon seems to be implied by the broken comb, pewter bason, and the horn so placed as to resemble a barber's pole, all which are exhibited either above or within the glass-case; in which the skeleton appears whispering a man who had been exsiccated by some mode of embalming at present unknown. About the time of publishing this set of prints, a number of bodies thus preserved were discovered in a vault in Whitechapel church. Our quack is likewise a virtuoso. An antique spur, a high-crowned hat, old shoes, &c. together with a model of the gallows, are among his rarities. On his table lies a skull, rendered carious by the disease he professes to cure.* The following verses from Dr Garth's *Dispensary* so exactly characterize the motley collection of this nostrum-vender, that one might conjecture that Hogarth had copied the description when designing the print:—

* Nichols's Hogarth, vol. ii. p. 179. The initials on the breast of the procuress have been variously interpreted. B. (or E.) C. for the celebrated Betsey Careless; (who, after a routine of dissipation, fell a victim to debauchery, and was buried from the poor-house of St Paul's, Covent-Garden): or F. C. for Fanny Cock, daughter of an eminent auctioneer of that day, with whom the artist had some dispute, (Ibid). Mr Ireland, however, thinks it probable that these gunpowder initials are merely the mark of a woman of the lowest rank and most infamous description. Ireland's "Hogarth Illustrated," vol. ii. p. 35, *note*.

"His shop the gazing vulgar's eyes employs
With vulgar trinkets, and domestic toys.
Here mummies lay, most reverendly stale;
And there the tortoise hung her coat of mail:
Not far from some huge shark's devouring head,
The flying fish their finny pinions spread.
Aloft in rows large poppy heads were strung,
And near a scaly alligator hung:
In *this* place drugs, in musty heaps decay'd;
In *that*, dry'd bladders and drawn teeth were laid."

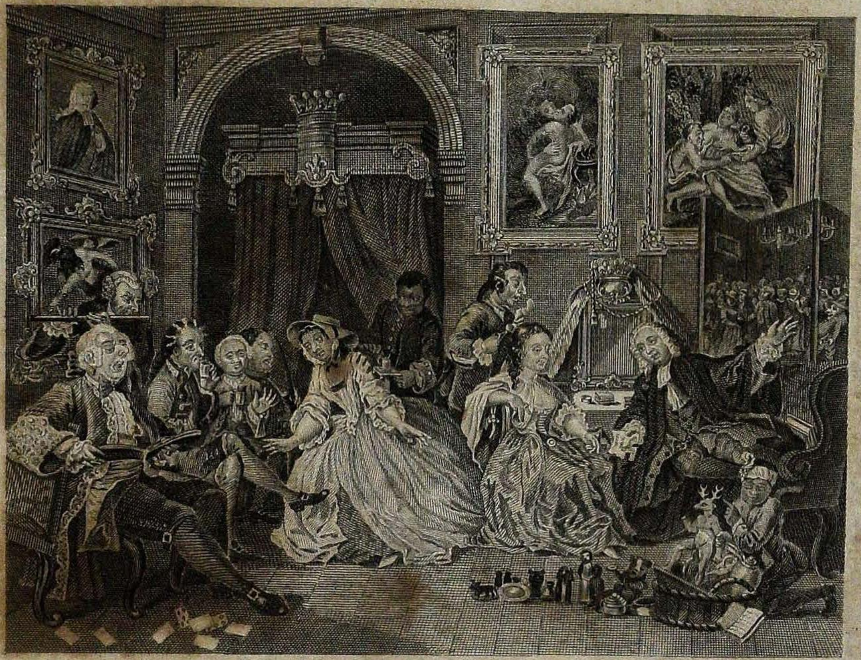
"*Dispensary*," Canto II.

PLATE IV.

The old earl having paid the debt of nature, the young viscount is come into the entire possession of his estate and title; and his dissipated wife has attained the acmè of her wishes, in acquiring the rank and appellation of a countess. In consequence of this they mutually launch into every species of fashionable extravagance and folly.

"This piece is amusing by the variety of characters therein represented. Let us begin with the principal; and this is Madam at her toilet: a French valet-de-chambre is putting the finishing stroke to her dress. The painter supposes her returned from one of those auctions of old goods, pictures, and an hundred other things, which are so common at London, and where numbers of people of condition are duped. It is there that, for emulation, and only not to give place to another in point of expence, a woman buys at a great price an ugly pagod, without taste, without worth, and which she has no sort of occasion for. It is there also that an opportunity is found of conversing, without scandal, with people who you cannot see any where else. The things which you see on the floor, are the valuable acquisitions our heroine has just made at one of those auctions. It is extremely fashionable at London to have

MARRIAGE A LA MODE Nº 4.



Hogarth del.

T. Clerk sculp.

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at your house one of those melodious animals which are brought from Italy at great expence; there appears one here, whose figure sufficiently distinguishes him to those who have once seen one of those unhappy victims of the rage of Italians for music. The woman there is charmed, almost to fainting, with the ravishing voice of this singer; but the rest of the company do not seem so sensible of it. The country gentleman, fatigued at a stag or fox chace, is fallen asleep. You see there, with his hair in papers, one of those personages who pass their whole life in endeavouring to please, but without succeeding; and there, with a fan in his hand, you see one of those heretics in love, a disciple of Anacreon. You see likewise, on the couch, the lawyer, who is introduced in the first picture, talking to the lady. He appears to have taken advantage of the indifference of the husband, and that his affairs are pretty far advanced since the first scene. He is proposing the masquerade to his mistress, who does not fail to accept of it."

The insidious counsellor Silver-tongue is pointing to certain figures on the screen (a friar and a nun in close conversation), that sufficiently indicate *his* intentions towards her. A number of complimental message cards lie strewed upon the floor to the following purport:

"Lady Squander's company is desired at Lady Townley's Drum, next Monday."

"Lady Squander's company is desired at Lady Heathen's Drum-Major, next Sunday."

"Lady Squander's company is desired at Miss Hairbrain's Rout."

"Count Basset desire to *no* how Lady Squander sleep last nite."

The furniture of the apartment is characteristic of its dissipated tenants. Among the pictures we recognise the portrait of the young barrister; Jupiter and Io; Ganymede and the Eagle; Lot and his Daughters. Before we conclude the description of this plate, it is worth while to notice the *precious trumpery*, which, from the catalogue on the floor, appears to have been purchased by her Ladyship from the collection of *Sir Thomas Babyhouse*. Among these is a porcelain figure of *Actæon*, to whose horns the little black page is archly pointing (with a sarcastic leer upon his Lady), as emblematical of the ridiculous appearance of his master.

Pl. XXVIII.

MARRIAGE A LA MODE Nº 5.

Hogarth delt. D. B. Pyet sculpt.

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THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL

PLATE V.

The fatal consequences of going to the masquerade are here shewn to perfection. The ticket was accepted to favour an assignation; the assignation took place, and the catastrophe is dire. The barrister and countess are supposed to have withdrawn to some bagnio, in order to gratify their illicit amours. "A husband, whose wife goes to the masquerade without him, is not without his inquietudes; it is natural that ours here has secretly followed his wife thither, and from thence to the bagnio, where he finds her in bed with the lawyer. They fight;—the husband is mortally wounded: his wife, upon her knees, is making useless protestations of her remorse. The watchmen enter;—and the lawyer, in his shirt, is getting out of the window." The *sleek rotundity* of the constable is well contrasted by the lank-visaged guardian of the night; terror and conscious guilt are strongly marked on the countenance of the retreating adulterer. The pallid face of the wounded peer evidently indicates the rapid approach of death.

PLATE VI.

"We are now at the house of the alderman. London bridge, which is seen through the window, shews the quarter where the people of business live. The furniture of this house does not contribute to its ornament;—every thing shews niggardliness: and the dinner, which is on the table, the highest frugality. You see the tobacco pipes set by in the corner: this too is a mark of great economy. Some pictures you see, upon very low subjects, to give you to understand by this choice, that persons who, like the alderman, pass their whole life in thinking of nothing but enriching themselves, generally want taste and elegance; besides, every thing here is contrasted with what you saw at the Earl's; the pride of one, and the sordidness of the other, are always equally ridiculous, by the odd subjects of the pictures which are there seen: but generally in the choice of pictures neither the analogy, taste, or agreement one with another are consulted. The broker only is advised with, who, on his part, consults only his own interest, of which he is much more capable of being a judge than he is of painting; like a seller of old books, who knows how to say, here is an Elzevir Horace, or one of the Louvre edition;—and who knows all this, without being acquainted with poetry, or capable of

MARRIAGE A LA MODE Nº 6.

Hogarth delt. T. Clerk sculpt.

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distinguishing an epigram from an epic poem. There is only one difference between a bookseller and a broker; the first has certain marks by which he knows the edition, and the other is obliged to have recourse to inspiration, which is the only way whereby he is able to judge infallibly, as he does, whether a picture is an original or no. But to return to our subject. The daughter of the alderman, now a widow, is returned to her father. Her lover has been taken and hanged for the murder of her husband: this she has learned from the dying speech, which is at her foot upon the floor. A conscience disturbed and tormented with remorse is very soon drove to despair. This woman, who by the consequence of her infidelity has destroyed her husband, her lover, her reputation, and her quiet, has nothing to lose but her life; this she does by taking laudanum.—She dies. An old servant in tears makes her kiss her child, the melancholy production of an unfortunate marriage. The alderman, more sensible of the least acquisition than of the most tragical events, takes, without emotion, a ring from the finger of his expiring daughter. The apothecary is severely reprimanding the ridiculous footman of the house who had procured the poison, the effects of which finish the catastrophe."—Thus ends this strange eventful history.

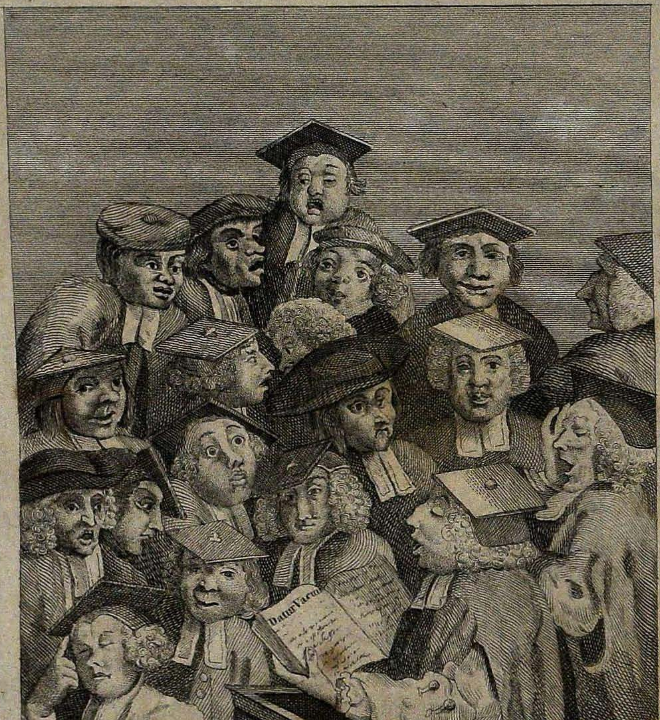
Lord Orford has the following just observations on the series of prints which form the subject of MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE.—"An intrigue is carried on throughout the piece. He (Hogarth) is more true to character than Congreve; each personage is distinct from the rest, acts in his sphere, and cannot be

confounded with any other of the dramatis personæ. The alderman's foot-boy, in the last print, is an ignorant rustic; and if wit is struck out from the characters in which it is not expected, it is from their acting conformably to their situation, and from the mode of their passions, and *not* from their having the wit of fine gentlemen. Thus, there is wit in the figure of the alderman, who, when his daughter is expiring in the agonies of poison, wears a face of solicitude—but it is to save her gold ring, which he is gently drawing from her finger. The thought is parallel to Moliere's, where the miser puts out one of the candles as he is talking. Moliere, inimitable as he has proved, brought a rude theatre to perfection. Hogarth had no model to follow and improve upon."*

* Works, vol. iii. p. 453.

PL. XXV.

PUBLIC LECTURE



Hogarth del.   T. Clerk sculp.

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THE LECTURE.

DATUR VACUUM.

WE are here presented with a motley assemblage of graduates and under-graduates of one of the universities, profoundly attending to a philosophical lecture, the subject of which is a *vacuum*, (or space unoccupied by matter.) Dulness and stupidity seem to characterize the drowsy audience. The portrait of the person reading the lecture is said to be that of the late Mr Fisher, of Jesus College, Oxford, of which university he was registrar. He sat to the artist for this purpose.

THE COCKPIT ROYAL.

There are few scenes in life calculated to display the follies of mankind, which Hogarth did not seize an opportunity to expose. The print before us exhibits a subject every way worthy of his satirical pencil. Here is assembled a group of gamblers of every rank in society; butchers, chimney-sweepers, noblemen, post-boys, shoe-blacks, pick-pockets, thieves, —in a word, of blackguards of every possible denomination.

The *rational* sport of cock-fighting is of very ancient origin; it is well known to have been practised by the Greeks in the time of Themistocles: from them it passed over to the Romans, who introduced this *precious* pastime into our country. It was encouraged in the reigns of Henry VIII. and James I.; but especially by the thoughtless and licentious Charles II., under whose patronage was erected the "*Cockpit Royal*," which still continues to disgrace St James's Park.

The scene of this print has been conjectured to be laid at Newmarket. The first object that strikes our attention in this motley assembly is the blind peer, (Lord Albemarle Bertie,) whom we shall have occasion to notice in a subsequent page. Full of cash, he is beset by a number of sharpers; and so

PL. XXXVI.

COCKPIT ROYAL.

Hogarth del.

T. B. Pyet Sculp.

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intently is he engaged in betting with them, as to afford an opportunity to one of the gang of purloining a bank note. Two ragged associates fruitlessly attempt to inform his *lordship* of the depredation. Near him, on the right of the plate, a man is registering the bets; next him is another with a bag, containing a favourite cock for a by-battle; and by his side is a third, pointing to a piece of money, and vociferously betting. On the left of the plate a curious group appears: among them we see a nobleman in imminent danger of suffocation from the individuals falling upon him: a luckless wight, unable to support this solid pressure, has tumbled backwards with his head against the pit, into which his wig is falling. Above, without the pit, is a Frenchman, exclaiming with disgust against this savage sport; and inadvertently dropping some snuff into the eyes of a man below him, who is sneezing and swearing most furiously. This figure is sketched with admirable spirit; we can almost hear him sneeze. Behind the blind peer, a fellow is smoking his pipe with the utmost unconcern.

In the middle of the pit is the shadow of a man suspended from the cieling in a basket, and which Hogarth has introduced *here* for want of room. By one of the cock-pit laws, this punishment awaits every one who bets more money than he is able to pay. On this side of the pit are several persons, chiefly postillions, all eagerly intent on betting. One of this group, on the left, (apparently a barber,) is furiously menacing with his stick a loser unable to pay; and another is ruefully contemplating his empty purse.

The decorations of this apartment are, the King's Arms, and a portrait of the notorious *Nan Rawlins*, who lived by gambling, and was a constant attendant at horse-races, cock-matches, and the like dignified amusements.

In the margin, at the foot of the plate, is a small oval, comprising a fighting-cock, on which was inscribed *Royal Sport*, and beneath was written *Pit Ticket*.

PL. IIIII.

MORNING.

Hogarth del. T. Clerk sculp.

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THE FOUR TIMES OF THE DAY.

PLATE I.

MORNING.

THE scene of this plate is laid in Covent-Garden; the *time* is morning, about seven o'clock, and the *season*, *winter*, as is evident from the snow on the ground as well as on the roofs of the houses. Severe as the weather is, it does not deter the antiquated virgin here delineated from going to assist in the early service of the church. She is dressed with all the quaintness and formality peculiar to the sisterhood, and is followed by a slip-shod foot-boy carrying her prayer-book. Extreme cold is admirably delineated on the countenance of the shivering lad, who presents a fine contrast to his stiff mistress. Regardless of the beggar, who is supplicating her benevolence, the sibyl pursues her walk, and seems to view with stern disdain the two girls who are amorously beset by a couple of rakes just issued from *Tom King's* coffee-house; the entrance of which presents a noble scene of confusion to the lovers of such sport.

On the left of the plate, we see two urchins

"Creeping like snails unwillingly to school." *

Near them, a dealer in rice-milk is pointed out by two porringers and a spoon lying on the bottom of a basket; and, a little further back, the celebrated quack-doctor, Rock, is vending his nostrums to the credulous populace.

The hand of the clock pointing to the hour (7 o'clock), the foot-marks in the snow, the icicles depending from the houses, the turnips, and other vegetables usually exposed to sale at this season of the year, all mark the artist's attention to real life.

* "And school-boys lag, with satchels in their hands."
Swift's *Morning in Town*.

Hogarth probably had one, if not both, of these passages in view when he drew these boys.

PL. XI.

NOON.

Hogarth del. T. Clerk sculp.

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PLATE II.

NOON.

In this print the scene is laid at the door of the French church in Hog Lane, St Giles's, whence the congregation are issuing. They are all characteristically dressed, and if we had no other guide by which to determine their nation, *this* alone would identify them. They present a strong contrast to the figures on the left of the plate, which form a whimsical group. A boy, having had the misfortune to break the dish and throw down the pudding, is loudly lamenting his dire mishap, while a hungry girl devours the smoking fragments. A servant-maid, passing with a pye from the bake-house, is saluted by a black; and, while she receives *his* sable caresses, the juice or gravy of her pye is poured upon the luckless urchin beneath. Above, are the signs of two houses for good cheer—the one, a *cook's-shop*, is distinguished by the sign of the *Baptist's Head;* —the other, a vender's of *liquid fire* (*alias* spirits), is known by the sign of the *Good Woman*, beneath which are suspended sundry pewter measures. A humorous contrast to this last sign is presented by the termagant quarrelling with her husband, and throwing the family dinner into the street.

The dead kitten and choked-up kennel are sup-

posed to convey an indirect hint of the negligence of the scavengers in that parish; and some have conjectured that the kite hanging from the roof of the French church, was designed to show that the French Protestants, after being expelled from their native country, had at length found a safe harbour from the malignant efforts of their enemies.

EVENING.

Hogarth del.t T Clerk sculp.t

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PLATE III.

EVENING.

Hogarth has in this print given us the return of a worthy citizen, his wife and children, from a Sunday afternoon's ramble; the spot, whence the scene is drawn, is that of a house of entertainment, known by the sign of the *Sir Hugh Middleton,** at the New

* Some few particulars of this public-spirited man may not be unacceptable to our readers.

Hugh Middleton was a native of Denbigh in North Wales, and settled in London, where he was a citizen and goldsmith. When, in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., the citizens of London obtained a power to bring a new supply of water to the city from streams in Middlesex or Hertfordshire, various projects were considered for the purpose; all of which were abandoned on account of the difficulty and expence. Undaunted by these objections, Middleton undertook the work; and (the city having previously made over all its rights and powers to him and his heirs), he, in 1608, began the work, by uniting two springs (one in the vicinity of Ware, and the other rising at Amwell), in order to supply an artificial river, which was conducted to the metropolis. This arduous undertaking was completed in 1613, on Michaelmas-day, in which year the water was admitted into the reservoir at Islington. In the prosecution of this noble undertaking, Mr Middleton exhausted his private fortune; and, having fruitlessly applied to the city of London for assistance, he made over a moiety of the concern to the king, in consideration of his taking an equal share of the expence. In 1622 this public-spirited man was created a baronet, and died in 1631.

The value of the shares in this New River gradually advanced,

River Head, near Saddler's Wells. Though formerly in great repute, this place has of late years become little better than an ale-house. In the parlour we behold several *thorough-paced* smokers, stripped of their wigs, and with handkerchiefs thrown over their heads, in order to enjoy the luxury of smoking, and at the same time inhale the refreshing *summer breezes.*

The worthy citizens are so completely exhausted by fatigue, that their evening *recreation* is become *toilsome* and *laborious.* Without any profound skill in the science of physiognomy, it is not difficult to discover that the lady is absolute master of her husband's *person* and *property* as well as his *honour:* the *first* of these is sufficiently indicated by *his* carrying the child; the *second,* by the money they have just been spending in pursuit of the phantom—*pleasure;* and the *last,* our humorous artist has ingeniously contrived to display, by fixing a cow behind, so as to make the horns appear compactly above his head. By way of *contrast,* a fan is placed in her hand, on which the story of Venus and Adonis is delineated.

Simplicity and submissiveness are stamped on the husband's countenance. His eldest son, quaint-

especially after the company obtained a further supply of water from the river Lea: and an original hundred pounds share was, in the autumn of 1809, sold by auction for the sum of *seventeen thousand five hundred pounds!* Such has been the increase of wealth and population in London. *Biographia Britannica,* Art. MIDDLETON. *Pennant's London,* p. 229. *Tour in Wales,* p. 29.

Will posterity credit that, beyond the precarious memorial of a publican's sign, no monument exists in honour of a man to whom the inhabitants of the metropolis and its vicinity owe so many and such permanent obligations?

ly dressed with a cockade in his hat, is taking his evening's ride on papa's cane: the girl behind has all the embryon features of a shrew.

In the early impressions of this plate, the face and neck of the woman were coloured with red, in order to shew her extreme heat; as the man's hands were tinged with *blue*, to intimate that he was by trade a *dyer.* *

* Explanatory Description of Hogarth's Designs (accompanying *Hogarth Restored*), 4to, 1808, p. 59.

PLATE IV.

NIGHT.

This plate contains much broad humour, notwithstanding Lord Orford's* opinion that it is inferior to the other three. The *time* is the 29th of May, as is evident from the oaken boughs upon the barber's pole, and the oak-leaves in some of the freemasons' hats; and on this account probably Hogarth has taken the scene from the narrow part of Charing-cross, within sight of the equestrian statue of Charles I. On each side are the Cardigan's Head and the Rummer Tavern, two celebrated bagnios of that day. The *Salisbury Flying Coach*, which has just started from the inn, is oversetting near a bonfire; and the terror of the affrighted passengers is augmented by the entrance of a burning serpent into the coach thrown by some unlucky boy. On the opposite side of the plate, a waiter is leading home a freemason, overpowered with liquor, and who, from the cuts on his face, seems to have been involved in a fray. This is supposed to have been designed for Sir Thomas de Veil, a magistrate contemporary with our artist, who was celebrated for his vigilance in punishing the keepers and tenants of houses of *accommodation*. This probability is strengthened by the circumstance of a

* Works, vol. iii. p. 457.

NIGHT. *PL. XLII.*

Hogarth del.t *T. Clerk sculp.t*

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servant showering her favours from a window of the Rummer Tavern upon his head. Beneath, is the shop of a barber-surgeon, illuminated with candles in commemoration of the day. The operator's sign is a hand drawing a tooth, the head being in exquisite pain: beneath was written, "*Shaving, bleeding, and teeth drawn with a touch.—Ecce signum! (behold the sign!*") Through the window we behold the united operations of *shaving* and *phlebotomy* performing by a drunken apprentice.

Below the barber's bench a number of miserable wretches are *herding together:* though it is dark, we are enabled to discern these children of poverty by the light of the boy's link, which he is blowing in order to kindle a squib. In the back-ground is a cart laden with furniture, which the family are clandestinely carrying off to elude their landlord. A house on fire at a distance reminds us that such accidents are not very uncommon on similar rejoicing nights.

Upon the whole, though many other circumstances daily occur in the streets of the metropolis that might serve to distinguish the four parts of the day, yet these which Hogarth has selected appear to be the most striking, and evince him not only to be a proficient in his art, but also to possess a consummate knowledge of the town.

THE

DISTRESSED POET.

MOTTO.

"Studious he sate, with *all his books* around,
Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound!
Plunged for his sense, but found no bottom there,
Then writ, and flounder'd on in mere despair."

THESE verses from Pope's Dunciad were originally annexed to some copies of the *Distressed Poet,* but subsequently erased: though not strictly applicable, (*one book* only lying on the table,) it must, however, be acknowledged, that they convey no inaccurate idea of the hapless son of Apollo, who is here introduced to our notice. The scene is laid in a *garret,* which serves at once for *his* study and the abode of his family; every circumstance is calculated to display extreme penury. His wife is busily occupied in mending our poet's breeches, from which her attention is diverted by the entrance of a clamorous milk-woman, demanding payment of her score. The attitude of the vociferous creditor, and the confusion of the wife, are well marked.

Hogarth del.t T. Clerk sculp.t

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On the table by our poet (who is supposed to have been designed for Theobald) lies Byshe's "*Art of Poetry*," a work long celebrated for its utility in furnishing rhymes to those who stood in need of them; and, from a view of the *gold mines of Peru*, which is pasted upon the wall over his scanty library, it is probable that this son of the Muses is writing a poem upon *riches*, in which he is not doomed to participate. So closely are his reveries occupied with this animating theme, that the abrupt entrance of the milk-woman, and the squalling of the infant, seem to make no impression upon his mind. That he is destitute of a change of apparel, is evident from the necessity he is under of sitting without his breeches while these are repairing; without a shirt, while this is drying; without a coat, while this affords a tranquil repose for a cat and two kittens. To crown the whole, an *open* door discloses an *empty* safe.

Confusion seems to reign uncontrouled in this abode of misery. On the floor near the cat lies a Grub Street Journal, to which we may infer he was a contributor; and near that, the sword he usually wore when he went abroad (for a sword was an indispensable accompaniment to every one that assumed the character of a gentleman at the time this print was published, 1736). In one corner stands a mop, in another lies a broom. A broken fencing-foil is metamorphosed into a poker. The cracks in the wall and the broken window still further indicate the misery of their tenement.

The long cloak hung in a corner against the wainscot is well calculated to hide the scanty wardrobe of the poet's wife; and, to crown the whole, a hungry cur is in the act of decamping with what was probably designed to furnish the scanty meal of the day.

PL. XLIII.

THE ENRAGED MUSICIAN.

Hogarth del.t

T. Clerk sculp.t Edin.r

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THE

ENRAGED MUSICIAN.

As a counterpart to the preceding, Hogarth announced for publication, and in 1741 produced, the present print, in which every thing that can convey to our eyes the idea of confusion of sounds is brought together with singular humour. "It deafens one to look at it."

The scene is laid at the bottom of St Martin's Lane, the steeple of whose church is evident in the back-ground. The principal figure is the enraged Italian professor of music, whom Hogarth has here introduced, probably with the view of ridiculing the *then* growing partiality of the public taste for Italian compositions and performers, instead of countenancing the productions of our own native masters. In this respect, the satire is equally applicable at the present day, when the same vicious partiality for foreign productions exists, perhaps in a tenfold greater degree.

From an inscription on the corner of the opposite house, our professor's residence is supposed to be contiguous to a pewterer, whose incessant hammering is no small nuisance to him; and, in addition to

this, Hogarth has *accumulated* together every possible *cry* which the metropolis could afford. On the right is a ballad singer vociferating "*The Lady's Fall,*" while the squalling infant in her arms contributes to this vocal performance, which is further aided by the chattering parrot on the lamp-post above. In front, a girl is springing her rattle, while a boy is dragging a tile over the rough pavement: near the latter, a little French drummer accompanies his hoarse performance with his voice. While the vender of milk melodiously screams out *below!* an itinerant performer on the hautboy (well known at that time) is breathing out seraphic notes on his instrument. In the back-ground is a dustman in the noisy exercise of his vocation: next him a paviour makes his accustomed exclamation (*haugh!*) at each stroke of his massy hammer; while a sow-gelder winds his shrill clarion, the fisherman proclaims his commodity; and the grating noise of the butcher grinding his cleaver is *relieved* by the piercing cries of the dog, on whose foot the machine stands. To crown the whole, the flag from the steeple evidently marks out some joyous occasion, on account of which the ringers are playing a melodious peal upon St Martin's bells, the melody of which is powerfully contrasted by the noisy clattering of the sweep, whom we perceive at the top of a chimney on the opposite house, and by the squalling cats on its roof, whose amours seem to be on the point of consummation.

With such a precious medley of sounds, in almost every possible key that can be conceived, well might the musician (whose matin studies were thus dis-

turbed) stop his ears, and present himself in the attitude of disappointed fury, in which he now appears.

One object more remains to be noticed. It is the play-bill against the house, which acquaints us that the Beggar's Opera was to be performed that night for the *sixty-second time;* a degree of popularity to be paralleled only by the more extraordinary run of Mr Sheridan's *Pizarro,* a few years since.* In the bill in question, the parts of Macheath, Peachum, and Polly are assigned to Messrs Walker and Hippisley, and Miss Fenton, whose singular attractions in the character of Polly soon after elevated her to the peerage.† Thus, by filling the plate, and judiciously disposing the various figures introduced, Hogarth has secured the harmony of the whole, and presented a group of the most laughable figures imaginable.

We conclude our observations on this admirable production of Hogarth's comic pencil with some strictures selected from the late Dr Beattie's "*Essay on*

* A curious circumstance took place during an early performance of Pizarro. So great was the pressure of persons to behold the splendid spectacle, that many were carried completely through the doors into the theatre, without paying for their entrance. Among those who were thus situated was a gentleman, who had fast clenched his money in his hand, with intent to have paid for his entrance. The next evening he returned to the box-keeper, to deposit the money he very justly conceived to be due. Astonished at such an instance of integrity, so truly becoming the character of an English gentleman, the box-keeper refused to take his money, and, placing him in a stage-box, gave him a second opportunity of witnessing, without molestation, another performance of Pizarro.

† She afterwards became (by marriage) Duchess of Bolton.

Laughter and ludicrous Composition." After considering the modes of combination, by which incongruous qualities may be presented to the eye or fancy, so as to provoke laughter, he has the following observations:

"This extraordinary group forms a very comical mixture of incongruity and relation;—of incongruity, owing to the dissimilar employments and appearances of the several persons, and to the variety and dissonance of their respective noises; and of relation, owing to their being all united in the same place, and for the same purpose, of tormenting the poor fiddler. From the various sounds co-operating to this one end, the piece becomes more laughable than if their meeting were conceived to be without any particular destination; for the greater the number of relations, as well as of contrarieties, that take place in any ludicrous assemblage, the more ludicrous it will generally appear. Yet though this group comprehends not any mixture of meanness and dignity, it would, I think, be allowed to be laughable to a certain degree, merely from the juxtaposition of the objects, even though it were supposed to be accidental."*

* Beattie's "Essay on Poetry and Music, &c." 3d edit. 8vo. p. 327.

PL. XLV.

GATE OF CALAIS

Hogarth del.t T. Clerk sculp.t

London Published as the Act directs by Robert Scholey 46 Paternoster Row

ROAST BEEF

AT THE

GATE OF CALAIS.

"O the Roast Beef of Old England," &c.

The adventures that befel our artist on his trip to France having already been stated,* it will be sufficient to refer the reader thither, as they led to the painting of the humorous scene before us.

The old government of France, though extremely attentive to its military establishment, is well known to have paid but little (comparative) regard to the comforts and support of its soldiery, whose lean appearance frequently bespoke the *meagre* diet with which they supplied the demands of nature. Of this circumstance Hogarth has made ample use, in order to exhibit a whimsical caricature of the French military.

The *time* in this scene is taken from the landing of a noble SIRLOIN of beef at the gate of Calais; and

* Vide supra, pages 12, 13, *Note*.

which we may suppose to be destined for the English inn in that city. The meagre cook, bending beneath his heavy load presents a striking contrast to the sleek rotundity of the fat friar, for whose portrait the late Mr Pine (who accompanied Hogarth on his trip to France) *unintentionally* sat to our artist, and thence acquired the appellation of Friar Pine. The amazement of the French soldiers on beholding such *massy* fare is strongly marked. One of them, nearest the cook, is so rivetted at the sight, that, with gaping mouth and uplifted hand, he is spilling his *soup maigre*, and seems in the act of dropping his firelock. The centinel opposite is in an attitude of equal surprise, and is so delineated as not inaptly to represent a criminal hanging in chains. His shirt is torn at the elbow, and his breeches are fastened together with a skewer! Behind this lank figure Hogarth has introduced himself, in the act of making a sketch at the very moment of his *arrest*, which is marked by the hand upon his shoulder, and the head of a serjeant's halbert which makes its appearance, though the soldier is concealed from our sight. Three old barefooted venders of herbs are introduced in the left-hand corner admiring a skate, to which their own flat faces bear a striking resemblance.

On the right of this plate, two men are carrying a kettle, (most probably full of soup maigre,) one of whom expresses his astonishment at the solidity of English food: and behind this fellow is an Irishman, a prisoner of war, whom Hogarth seems thus particularly to have marked out by his diminutive stature and vulgarity of countenance. He has, however,

paid no mean compliment to the bravery of the natives of Erin, by representing the Irishman's hat as pierced with a bullet shot, which we may suppose to have struck him in the heat of action. In the foreground, a Scotchman (also a prisoner of war) is introduced: this poor fellow, whose forehead is deeply scarred, is sitting on the ground, lamenting his hapless situation; and beside him lies his scanty pittance, consisting of bread and onions.

In the back-ground through the gateway we have a distant view of the carrying of the host to the house of some sick person; the populace are devoutly on their knees in the street, and in the act of adoring the consecrated wafer.

Over the gate are delineated the arms of France; and at the top of it is a cross. Shortly after the original picture was finished it fell down by accident, and a nail ran through this cross; our artist fruitlessly attempted to mend the painting with the same colour, in order to conceal the blemish: He therefore introduced a *starved crow*, looking down on the sirloin of beef, and thus effectually covered the defect. *

* Nichols's Hogarth, vol. ii. p. 170.

MIDNIGHT

MODERN CONVERSATION.

MOTTO.

"Think not to find one meant resemblance here;
We lash the *vices*, but the persons spare.
Prints should be prized, as authors should be read,
Who sharply smile prevailing folly dead;
So Rabelais taught, and so Cervantes thought,
So nature dictated what art has taught."

THESE verses were engraved at the foot of the present plate, shortly after its publication in 1734, as Hogarth was apprehensive lest it should give offence by its personality; but, notwithstanding this inscription, it *is certain* that most of these figures are portraits of characters well known at that time.

The immediate design of this satirical print seems to be, to lash the detestable practice of immoderate drinking, which is perhaps little (if at all) diminished in the present day. From the title of the plate, we may assume for certain, that the company had assembled for the purpose of social conversation, and of enjoying

"The feast of reason and the flow of soul."

PL. XLVI.

MIDNIGHT MODERN CONVERSATION.

Hogarth del.^t T. Clerk sculp.^t

London Published as the Act directs by Robert Scholey 46 Paternoster Row.

But how little this rational object has been attained, the scene before us will abundantly show.

The company are *eleven* in number, and the empty flasks which we see on the mantle-piece, table, and floor, amount to *twenty-three;* in addition to which a capacious bowl, but newly replenished, makes its appearance. We proceed to specify a few of those figures whose countenances can be identified, and shall dismiss the remainder with such a brief notice, as a conduct so unbecoming the character of rational and accountable beings justly demands.

In the fore-ground, one is lying on the floor, completely overpowered by the fumes of wine: his head is strongly marked with scars, *perhaps* honourably received in fighting his country's battles: behind him an apothecary (whose trembling legs are scarcely able to support his body) is pouring liquor on his wounded pate. On the right, another of this jovial company has fallen back in his chair, fast asleep, and is recreating *their* ears with *his* delightful *nasal harmony.*

Next to this figure a thorough-paced smoker presents himself: in order to enjoy more exquisitely the fumes of tobacco, he has hung up his hat and wig, and decorated his head with a night-cap: he is delineated in a state of *perfect repose.* At the back of his chair sits a man with a black periwig, who has thus politely turned his face *from* the company, in order that "he may have the pleasure of smoking a *sociable pipe!*"

Two persons now present themselves: one of them is evidently a lawyer, to whom his companion ap-

pears to be relating a piteous tale of unsuccessful litigation, with which the barrister appears to be but little affected. This last is said to be a portrait of one Kettleby, a vociferous speaker at the bar, and who made himself conspicuous by wearing a huge full-bottomed wig, though (being only an utter barrister) he was not entitled to this *sapient* distinction. He was further notorious for a villainous squint, and

"Grinn'd horribly a ghastly smile,"

both of which Hogarth has transfused into the present scene. A niche was appropriated to Kettleby in the "*Causidicade*," a satire which was at one time exceedingly popular. A few verses from this poem will set this man's character in its true light:

"Up Kettleby starts, with a *horrible stare*,
Behold! my good lord, your old friend at the bar,
Or rather old foe; for foes we have been,
As treason fell out, and poor traitors fell in.
Strong opposites e'er, and not once of a side,
Attorneys will always great counsel divide;
You FOR prosecutions, *I* always AGAINST,
How oft with a joke 'gainst your law have I fenced;
How oft in your pleadings I've pick'd out a hole
Through which from your pounces my culprit I've stole.
I've puzzled against you now, eight years or nine,
You, my lord, for your king,—I a ——l for mine."

The clerical figure next the lawyer is a portrait of the notorious *Orator Henley*, whom Pope has immortalized, in his Dunciad, as the "*Zany of the age*:" in order to mark more strongly his love of wine,

Hogarth has introduced a cork-screw hanging on his finger. He is in the attitude of stirring up the contents of the capacious bowl, and appears to listen with great complacency to the toast of the noisy votary of Bacchus, standing above him; and who, having pulled off his wig, is in the act of crowning the divine with it.

Close to the parson, sits one whose dress indicates him to be *a fine gentleman* of that day; and who appears, most literally, to be *sick* of his company. The application of his hand to his head manifestly shows that he is now paying the deserved penalty of intoxication, by a severe head-ache. The person next the antiquated beau is evidently a politician, from the newspapers projecting out of his pocket: *his* intellects are so stupified, that he mistakes his *ruffle* for his pipe, and is in the act of setting fire to it.

Every part of this print is in character. Over the fire-place is something *like* a picture, and which *might* have been a landscape: the hands of the clock are at variance, but the hour is ascertained to be *four* in the morning; and the floor is strewed with empty flasks and broken glass.

"The different degrees of drunkenness" (Mr Ireland remarks) "are well discriminated, and its effects admirably described. The poor *simpleton,* who is weeping out his woes to *honest* lawyer Kettleby, it makes *mawkish;* the *beau* it makes *sick;* and the *politician* it *stupifies.* One is excited to *roaring,* and another is lulled to *sleep.* It half closes the eyes of *Justice,* renders the footing of *Physic* unsure, and lays

prostrate the glory of his country, and the *pride of war.*" *

A good copy of this print was published on a reduced scale, beneath which the following verses were engraven, and with them we shall conclude our description of Hogarth's admirable satire on that most irrational of all amusements, *drunkenness.*

"*The Bacchanalians; or a Modern Midnight Conversation.*" A poem addressed to the ingenious Mr Hogarth.

" Sacred to thee, permit this lay
Thy labour, Hogarth, to display!
Patron and theme in one to be!
'Tis great, but not too great for thee;
For thee, the Poet's constant friend,
Whose vein of humour knows no end.
This verse, which, honest to thy fame,
Has added to thy praise thy name!
Who can be dull when to his eyes
Such various scenes of humour rise?
Now we behold in what unite
The Priest, the Beau, the Cit, the Bite;
Where Law and Physic join the sword,
And Justice deigns to crown the board;
How *Midnight Modern Conversations*
Mingle all faculties and stations!
Full to the sight, and next the bowl,
Sits the Physician of the Soul;
No loftier themes his thought pursues
Than Punch, good Company, and Dues;
Easy and careless what may fall,
He hears, consents, and fills to all;

* Ireland's Hogarth Illustrated, vol. i. p. 102.

Proving it plainly by his face
That cassocks are no signs of grace.
  Near him a son of Belial see;
(That Heaven and Satan should agree!)
Warm'd and wound up to proper height,
He vows to still maintain the fight;
The brave surviving Priest assails,
And fairly damns the first that fails;
Fills up a bumper to the Best
In Christendom, for that's his taste:
The Parson simpers at the jest,
And puts it forward to the rest.
  What hand but thine so well could draw
A formal Barrister at Law?
Fitzherbert, *Littleton*, and *Coke*,
Are all united in his look.
His spacious wig conceals his ears,
Yet the dull plodding beast appears.
His muscles seem exact to fit
Much noise, much pride, and not much wit.
  Who then is he with solemn phiz,
Upon his elbows poiz'd with ease?
Freely to speak, the muse is loth—
Justice or knave—he may be both—
Justice or knave—'tis much the same:
To boast of crimes, or tell the shame,
Of raking talk or reformation,
'Tis all good *Modern Conversation*.
  What mighty Machiavel art thou,
With patriot cares upon thy brow?
Alas! that punch should have the fate
To drown the pilot of the state!
That while both sides thy pocket holds,
Nor D'Anvers grieves, nor Osborne scolds,
Thou sink'st the business of the Nation
In *Midnight Modern Conversation*.
  The Tradesman tells, with wat'ry eyes,
How Credit sinks, how Taxes rise;

At Parliaments and Great Men pets,
Counts all his losses and his debts.
  The puny Fop, mankind's disgrace,
The ladies' jest and looking-glass;
This he-she thing the mode pursues,
And drinks in order—till he spews.
  See where the Relict of the Wars,
Deep mark'd with honorary scars,
A mightier foe has caused to yield
Than ever Marlborough met in field!
See prostrate on the earth he lies:
And learn, ye Soldiers, to be wise.
  Flush'd with the fumes of gen'rous wine,
The Doctor's face begins to shine;
With eyes half closed, in stamm'ring strain,
He speaks the praise of rich champaign.
'Tis dull in verse, what from thy hand
Might even a Cato's smile command.
Th' expiring snuffs, the bottles broke,
And the full bowl at four o'clock.

PL. XLVII.

Mr. GARRICK IN RICHARD III[d]

Hogarth del.

T. Clerk sculp.

London Published as the Act directs by Robert Scholey 46 Paternoster Row.

MR GARRICK

IN THE CHARACTER OF RICHARD III.

MOTTO.

"Give me another horse!—Bind up my wounds!
Have mercy, Jesu!—soft! I did but dream;
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!
The lights burn blue!—Is it not dead midnight?
Cold fearful drops hang on my trembling flesh."

Richard III. Act v. Scene iii.

WE have transcribed these lines from Shakspeare, as they describe most fully the state of Richard's mind at the moment of this delineation. Our readers will doubtless recollect that it is the tent scene, in which Richard awakes after the denunciations uttered by the ghosts of the princes, through whom his senseless ambition prompted him to cut his way to the throne of England. In this character it was that the celebrated David Garrick made his first appearance (Oct. 9, 1741) at the theatre in Goodman's Fields, and laid the foundation of his own future fame, and also of a more *natural* style of performing than had before been introduced upon the English theatre.

In executing the portrait of Garrick, Hogarth has failed, but has admirably succeeded in delineating all that horror and remorse of conscience which we may conceive to agonize the breast of a sanguinary usurper like Richard. The ring of the tyrant is represented "as having started beyond the joint of his finger with the violent agitation of his frame." This incident a man of genius only could have conceived, though many look at the picture without attending to the sublimity of it.* The lamp sheds a dim light through the tent; the crucifix and crown at his head, and the sword grasped with his right hand, together with the helmet and other pieces of armour lying on the ground, are all appropriately introduced. The helmet is crested with a *boar passant*, which was the armorial bearing of his family, and to which Shakspeare alludes in the following lines:—

> "The wretched, bloody, and usurping *boar*,
> That spoil'd your summer fields and fruitful vines," &c.
> *(Act iii. Scene ii.)*

Near the helmet lies a scroll, on which is written,

> "Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold,
> For Dickon thy master is bought and sold."

The introduction of this is judiciously contrived, although not *strictly correct* in point of time:—the story we omit, it being too well known to require any explanation here. The tents in the back-ground are

* Nichols's Hogarth, vol. ii. p. 185.

those of Henry Earl of Richmond, (afterwards Henry VII.) and the sentinels are seated " Like sacrifices by their fires of watch." (Henry V.)

All the figures in this plate are well conceived and well expressed; by the artist's permission it was copied and engraven for a watch paper. The original painting (from which this print was taken) was sold to the late Mr Duncombe of Duncombe Park, (Yorkshire,) for TWO HUNDRED POUNDS, and it still remains in the possession of his family.

To the few surviving individuals who *have* beheld Garrick's astonishing performances, it would be needless to attempt a description of his powers and merits as an actor; and to those who *have not* had that opportunity, it is impossible to convey any adequate idea. Public applause has ranked him among the very first ornaments of the British stage; and his value as a dramatic writer and poet,—though not of the first rate,—is yet far from being contemptible. The lovers of dramatic biography may find much curious and amusing information concerning our " *English Roscius*," in the memoirs of his life published by Mr Davies, and also by the late Arthur Murphy, Esq.

We conclude this article with the following tribute, by Dr Johnson, to the memory of Garrick, who had been a pupil of his during the short time the doctor kept an academy. Speaking (in his Life of Edmund Smith) of the late Gilbert Walmsley, Esq. who had essentially befriended the doctor as well as Garrick, he says,—

" At this man's" (Mr Walmsley's) " table I enjoy-

ed many cheerful and instructive hours, with companions such as are not often to be found: with one who has heightened and who has gladdened life; with Dr James, whose skill in physic will be long remembered; and with David Garrick, whom I hoped to have gratified with this character of our common friend. But what are the hopes of man? *I am disappointed by that stroke of death, which has eclipsed the gaiety of nations, and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasures.*" *

* Johnson's Works, vol. x. p. 26.

THE

FOUR STAGES OF CRUELTY.

After delineating in different series of prints the advantages of Industry, and the punishment of Idleness; the dangers of seduction, and the consummate folly of gambling; our benevolent artist now offers himself as the guide of youth, as an advocate in the cause of humanity, and has presented us with a set of plates, which in a striking manner describe the slow and imperceptible, but sure gradations of *cruelty*, and with what a certainty *this* is calculated to close up every vestige of feeling in the human heart. "The prints" (he tells us) "were engraved with the hope of in some degree correcting that barbarous treatment of animals, the very sight of which renders the streets of our metropolis so distressing to every feeling mind. *If* (he adds) *they have had this effect, and checked the progress of cruelty, I am more proud of having been the author, than I should be of having painted Raphael's Cartoons.*

THE

FIRST STAGE OF CRUELTY.

MOTTO.

"While various scenes of sportive woe
The infant race employ;
And tortur'd victims bleeding shew
The *Tyrant* in the *Boy*;—

"Behold a youth of gentler heart,
To spare the creature's pain,
'O take,' he cries,—'take all my tart;'
But tears and tart are vain.

"Learn from this fair example, you,
Whom savage sports delight,
How *cruelty* disgusts the view,
While pity charms the sight."

The plate now before us presents several groups of boys at their different barbarous diversions. On the left is one throwing at a cock,—an ordinary amusement at Shrovetide, which all the vigilance of the police has hitherto been ineffectual in removing. Opposite, another boy is in the act of tying a bone to a dog's tail, in order to hurry the poor animal through

PL. XLVIII.

FIRST STAGE OF CRUELTY.

Hogarth del.

T. Clerk sculp.

London Published as the Act directs by Robert Scholey 46 Paternoster Row.

the streets, while he enjoys its pain and terror. Mark this young savage, grinning at the faithful beast, which licks his hand, while fastening the instrument of torture to his tail.

A third (next the house in the back-ground) is burning out the eyes of a bird with a knitting-needle, in order to make it sing;—a barbarous custom, chiefly practised on linnets and bull-finches;—some precious amateurs of music having discovered that certain birds will not sing while any external object arrests their attention. Behind, several boys divert themselves by hanging up two cats by their tails, in order to make them fight. Above, another of the feline race is precipitated from a window with a pair of inflated bladders fastened to her; and on the left corner of this plate a merciless wretch is encouraging a cur to worry another of the same species.

But the principal group is in the centre. We here see the hero of this set of prints piercing a dog with an arrow; and from the badge on his arm we learn that he belongs to St Giles's charity-school. Unmoved by the entreaties of the amiable lad, (who, returning from school, offers to redeem the dog by giving up his tart), the brutal boy refuses to liberate his tortured captive. A youth tracing his suspended effigy on a wall with charcoal, covertly intimates the fatal end which he conjectures to await *Tom Nero*, whose name he is in the act of writing with the same material. In clothing this young miscreant in the tattered uniform of a *charity boy*, Hogarth designed to convey an oblique censure on the mis-

management of such *schools* about the time these prints were published: in the present day, however, we have the pleasure of knowing that a widely different system prevails,—the system of order, and of that moral discipline, blended with religious instruction, which alone can render youth useful members of society.

Pl. XLII.

SECOND STAGE OF CRUELTY.

Hogarth del.t　　　　T. Clerk sculp.t

London Published as the Act directs by Robert Scholey. 46 Paternoster Row.

SECOND STAGE OF CRUELTY.

MOTTO.

The generous steed, in hoary age,
Subdued by labour dies;
And mourns a cruel master's rage,
While nature strength denies.

The tender lamb, o'erdrove and faint,
Amidst expiring throes,
Bleats forth its innocent complaint,
And dies beneath the blows.

Inhuman wretch! say, whence proceeds
This coward cruelty?
What interest springs from barb'rous deeds?
What joy from misery?

THE spirit of inhumanity which we in the last plate observed growing up in youth, is, in this second stage of cruelty, ripened by manhood. Tom Nero is now a hackney-coachman, and displaying his brutal disposition towards one of his cattle. The poor horse, exhausted by fatigue, has fallen down, overturned the coach, and broken his leg; notwithstanding which the hardened tyrant is thrashing him without mercy. But this savage barbarity does not pass un-

noticed. A foot-passenger is in the act of taking the number of his coach, in order to have him punished: the humane countenance of this man presents a strong contrast to the ferocious visage of Nero, and to the terror and confusion depicted on the faces of the lawyers.

The scene, it should be observed, is laid opposite to Thavies' Inn-gate (in Lower Holborn), which was at that time the longest shilling fare to Westminster Hall. The barristers are therefore appropriately introduced, as having *clubbed* their *three-pence* each, for a ride to the courts of law. They are delineated in the act of creeping out of their vehicle.

On the right, an inhuman drover is beating an expiring lamb, whose entrails are issuing out of its mouth; behind him *the wheels of* a dray pass over a child that had been playing with a hoop, while the driver is fast asleep on the shafts;—a circumstance which not unfrequently happens in the *present day*, in defiance of the wise provisions of the legislature.

Further in the back-ground, a great lubberly fellow is riding on an overloaden ass; and, as if the beast were not sufficiently burthened, he has taken up a loaded porter behind him; while another miscreant is goading on the poor animal with a pitchfork. Beyond this is an over-driven bull, (which has tossed a boy), followed by a crowd of wretches, who are worrying him. The two bills pasted upon the wall are advertisements of a cock-match, and of an exhibition at Broughton's amphitheatre;—these are designed as additional illustrations of *national benevolence.*

Some critics have thought that the specimens of cruelty combined together in this plate have been exaggerated: the fact however is, that they but too truly delineate what we *know* to take place in the enlightened nineteenth century. Nor can a more humane treatment be reasonably expected, while the penal regulations of acts of parliament are eluded. Will posterity credit, that a member could be found in the present day, who strenuously urged to *one* branch of the legislature the continuance of the brutal practice of bull-baiting, *as necessary to keep up the national courage*, while a bill was thrown out in *another*, of which the object was to prevent and to punish the ill-treatment of the brute creation?

CRUELTY IN PERFECTION.

MOTTO.

To lawless love, when once betray'd,
Soon crime to crime succeeds;
At length beguiled to theft, the maid
By her beguiler bleeds.

Yet learn, seducing man! nor night,
With all its sable cloud,
Can screen the guilty deed from sight;
Foul murder cries aloud.

The gaping wounds, and blood-stain'd steel,
Now shock his trembling soul:
But oh! what pangs his breast must feel,
When death his knell shall toll!

CONTINUED acts of barbarity are found, in progress of time, to sear the heart, and to divest it of all natural feeling. The hero of this set of prints, it will be recollected, began his career of cruelty by torturing a dog; next he maltreats an exhausted, unresisting horse;—and, rising in the scale of barbarity, he proceeds to *robbery* and *murder*. That he has been on the highway, is intimated by the pistols and watches found upon him: and the commission

PL. L.

CRUELTY IN PERFECTION.

Hogarth del.

D B Pyet sculp.

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of murder, the most aggravated, is most strongly delineated in this plate.

Having gained the affections of the unfortunate female, whose head we see is nearly severed from her shoulders, and having also accomplished her ruin, he next prevails on her to plunder her mistress, and meet him at midnight. The *time* is intimated by the screech-owl and bat, which may be observed upon the wing. She keeps the fatal assignation, laden with plate and valuables. Having predetermined to screen himself from detection as an accomplice in the robbery, and also to rid himself of an expected incumbrance (for the woman is evidently pregnant), he commits the horrid deed. In the struggle for her life, her wrist is cut nearly through; but her shrieks alarm the servants of an adjoining house, who rush to her assistance, but arrive not at the spot until the vital principle had fled. The following letter (found upon him, and which lies on the ground, on the right of the plate) will sufficiently explain the whole transaction:

"Dear Tommy,

"My mistress has been the best of women to me, and my conscience flies in my face as often as I think of wronging her; yet I am resolved to venture body and soul to do as you would have me, so do not fail to meet me, as you said you would; for I shall bring along with me all the things I can lay my hands on. So no more at present, but I remain yours, till death,

"*Ann Gill.*"

We return to the hero of this tragedy.—

Struck, for the first time perhaps, with remorse, shuddering at the horrid deed, he is incapable of flight. The domestics seize him without resistance. He is hurried to prison, whence he is consigned to the execution of that sentence, which so atrocious a violation of the law of nature, as well as of the land, justly demands.

PL. LI.

THE REWARD OF CRUELTY.

Hogarth delt. T. Clerk sculpt.

London Published as the Act directs by Robert Scholey 46 Paternoster Row

THE REWARD OF CRUELTY.

MOTTO.

Behold, the villain's dire disgrace
Not death itself can end;
He finds no peaceful burial-place,
His breathless corse—no friend.

Torn from the root that wicked tongue,
Which daily swore and curst!
Those eye-balls from their sockets wrung,
That glow'd with lawless lust!

His heart exposed to prying eyes,
To pity has no claim;
But (dreadful!) from his bones shall rise
His monument of flame.

HAVING traced the progress of cruelty in its various stages, Hogarth has here delineated that condign *reward* which awaits the perpetrator. Having been executed for the murder, the wretch is conducted for dissection to Surgeons Hall.* He is now under the

* This building was, until within a few years, contiguous to Newgate. It is now taken down; and the Royal College of Surgeons

operators' hands, whose countenances, together with that of the president, seem to have as little susceptibility of feeling as the subject himself.

Lord Orford, contemplating this design of Hogarth's, has the following appropriate remarks:

"How delicate and superior is Hogarth's satire, when he intimates in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, that preside at a dissection, how the legal habitude of viewing shocking scenes hardens the human mind, and renders it unfeeling. The president maintains the dignity of insensibility over an executed corpse, and considers it but as the object of a lecture."*

In this, as in most of his other works, the artist has not omitted to notice those little traits which characterise the lower orders. They, it is well known, frequently prick the initials of their names on the arm, and render the marks indelible by the application of gun-powder; which they, appropriately enough, term *gallows marks!* We therefore see the letters T. N. on Tom Nero's arm, whose countenance seems to indicate somewhat like the sensation of horror at the operation he is undergoing. For this exaggeration Hogarth has been condemned, but surely may be pardoned for the *pictorial licence* he has exercised, as it certainly does tend to heighten the scene.

have erected a spacious hall in Portugal Street, behind Lincoln's Inn Fields.

* Works, vol. iii. p. 454. The legislature, therefore, has wisely excluded both surgeons and butchers from ever attending on juries, concluding that they cannot form adequate ideas of the sufferings of others.

With strict *poetical justice* the hero of this tragedy is suffering the punishment consequent upon his crimes.—See his wicked blasphemous tongue pulled from the root, his guilty eye-balls wrung from their sockets; and his relentless heart, torn from his body, a dog is in the act of licking or devouring; while a fellow, with the utmost unconcern, is putting his viscera into a pail. On the opposite side, skulls and bones are presented to us boiling in a cauldron, in order to be cleansed and *blanched*, previously to their being put together, as they were originally joined in the human frame.

Two skeletons are introduced on each side of the print: that on the left is the skeleton of James Field, a celebrated bruiser, the other that of Maclane,—two worthies, who terminated their career by means of a rope. Both are pointing with a horrible grin to the physicians' or surgeons' crest, which is carved on the upper part of the president's chair,—viz. *a hand feeling the pulse*, by which some conjecture the artist intended to intimate, that death too often is the consequence of our implicit confidence in the medical tribe. "*Taking a guinea* (Mr Ireland observes) would have been more appropriate to the PRACTICE!"

All the countenances in this print are strongly characteristic.

THE

MARCH TO FINCHLEY.

THERE were few extraordinary scenes, or particular occurrences, that took place to which Hogarth did not turn his versatile attention; and thence select that diversity of characters, attitudes, and circumstances, which contribute to render his performances both amusing and instructive in no ordinary degree. This remark is peculiarly applicable to the print now under consideration, the general subject of which is the march of the foot-guards to their place of rendezvous on Finchley Common, in their way to Scotland, against the rebels and pretender, in the year 1745.

A curious circumstance occasioned this admirable representation of English manners to be dedicated to the King of *Prussia*. It is thus related by Mr J. Ireland. *

Before publication it was inscribed to George II. and the picture was taken to St James's, in full expectation of obtaining royal approbation. His late majesty, though an honest man and a soldier, was not a very excellent judge of works of humour, and ex-

* Ireland's Hogarth Illustrated, vol. ii. p. 141.

MARCH TO FINCHLEY. *Pl. LII.*

Hogarth delt *T. Clerk sculpt*

London Published as the Act directs by Robt. Scholey 46 Paternoster Row.

pressed great dissatisfaction on viewing this singular delineation.

The following dialogue is said to have ensued on this occasion between the sovereign and the nobleman in waiting:

"Pray, who is this Hogarth?"

"A painter, my liege."

"I hate *bainting* and *boetry* too! neither the one nor the other ever did any good!"

"The picture, please your majesty, must undoubtedly be considered as a burlesque!"

"What! a *bainter* burlesque a soldier? He deserves to be picketed for his insolence! Take his trumpery out of my sight."

The picture was accordingly returned to the artist, who, mortified at such a reception of what he considered as his best performance, immediately altered the inscription, and for *the King of England* substituted *the King of Prusia* (in a subsequent impression the mis-spelling was corrected), as an encourager of the arts. His majesty of Prussia honoured the painter with a handsome acknowledgment for his dedication.

Hogarth published the March to Finchley by subscription, in 1750, at seven shillings and sixpence per copy; and in his advertisement he refers to his subscription-book for the particulars of a proposal, "whereby each subscriber of three shillings, over and above the said seven shillings and sixpence for the print, will, in consideration thereof, be entitled to a chance of having the original picture, which shall be

delivered to the winning subscriber, as soon as the engraving is finished."

A subsequent advertisement in the *General Advertiser* of May 1, 1750, states, that, on the 30th April, the subscription closed; when 1843 chances being subscribed for, Hogarth gave the remaining 467 chances to the Foundling Hospital, (to which admirable institution the artist was a liberal benefactor), and the same evening delivered the picture to the governors, in whose possession it now remains.

An excellent elucidation of this most humorous print was given to the public by the celebrated *Bonnel Thornton*, in the STUDENT, (vol. ii. p. 162), whence we have extracted it for the gratification of our readers.*

"The scene of this representation is laid at Tottenham Court Turnpike; the King's Head, Adam and Eve, and the Turnpike-house, in full view; beyond which are discovered parties of the Guards, baggage, &c. marching towards Highgate, and a beautiful distant prospect of the country; the sky finely painted. The picture, considered together, affords a view of a military march, and the humours and disorders consequent thereupon.

"Near the centre of the picture the painter has exhibited his principal figure, which is a handsome

* Mr Samuel Ireland, however, has brought forward some particulars which render it probable that the late Saunders Welch, Esq. (many years a magistrate of Westminster,) was the author of the excellent critique which has hitherto been generally assigned to Bonnel Thornton.

young grenadier, in whose face is strongly depicted repentance mixed with pity and concern, the occasion of which is disclosed by two females putting in their claim for his person, one of whom has hold of his right arm, and the other has *seized* his left. The figure upon his right hand, and perhaps placed there by the painter by way of preference (as the object of love is more desirable than that of duty), is a fine young girl in her person, debauched, with child, and reduced to the miserable employ of selling ballads, and who, with a look full of love, tenderness, and distress, casts up her eyes upon her undoer, and, with tears descending down her cheeks, seems to say, 'Sure you cannot —will not leave me!' The person and deportment of this figure well justifies the painter's turning the body of the youth towards her. The woman upon the left is a strong contrast to this girl; for rage and jealousy have thrown the human countenance into no amiable or desirable form. This is the wife of the youth, who, finding him engaged with such an *ugly slut*, assaults him with a violence natural to a woman whose person and beauty is neglected. To the fury of her countenance, and the dreadful weapon her tongue, another terror appears in her hand, equally formidable, which is a roll of papers, whereon is wrote, 'The Remembrancer;' a word of dire and triple import; for while it shews the occupation the *amiable bearer* is engaged in, it reminds the youth of an unfortunate circumstance he would gladly forget; and the same word is also a cant expression, to signify the blow she is meditating. And here I value myself upon hitting the true meaning, and entering into the

spirit of the great author of that celebrated journal called 'The Remembrancer, or, A Weekly Slap on the Face for the Ministry.'

"It is easily discernible that the two females are of different parties. The ballad of 'God save our noble King,' and a print of the 'Duke of Cumberland,' in the basket of the girl, and the cross upon the back of the wife, with the implements of her occupation, sufficiently denote the painter's intention: and, what is truly beautiful, these incidents are applicable to the March.

"The hard-favoured serjeant directly behind, who enjoys the foregoing scene, is not only a good contrast to the youth, but also, with other helps, throws forward the principal figure.

"Upon the right of the grenadier is a drummer, who also has his *two Remembrancers*, a woman, and a boy, the produce of their kinder hours; and who have laid their claim by a violent seizure of his person. The figure of the woman is that of a complainant, who reminds him of her great applications, as well in sending him clean to guard, as other kind offices done, and his promises to make her an honest woman, which he, base and ungrateful, has forgot, and pays her affection with neglect. The craning of her neck shews her remonstrances to be of the shrill kind, in which she is aided by the howling of her boy. The drummer, who has a mixture of fun and wickedness in his face, having heard as many reproaches as suit his present inclinations, with a bite of his lip, and a leering eye, applies to the instrument of noise in his profession, and endeavours to drown the united clamour; in

which he is luckily aided by the *ear-piercing fife* near him.

"Between the figures before described, but more back in the picture, appears the important but meager phiz of a Frenchman, in close whipser with an Independent. The first I suppose a spy upon the motion of the army; the other probably drawn into the crowd in order to give intelligence to his brethren, at their next meeting, to commemorate the noble struggle in support of Independency. The Frenchman exhibits a letter, which he assures him contains positive intelligence, that 10,000 of his countrymen are landed in England, in support of Liberty and Independency. The joy with which his friend receives these glorious tidings causes him to forget the wounds upon his head, which he has unluckily received by a too free and premature declaration of his principles.

"There is a fine contrast in the smile of innocency in the child at the woman's back, compared with the grim joy of a gentleman by it; while the hard countenance of its mother gives a delicacy to the grenadier's girl.

"Directly behind the drummer's quondam spouse appears a soldier in an unseemly posture, and some distortions in his countenance indicate a malady too indelicate to describe: this conjecture is aided by a bill of Dr Rock's for relief in like cases. Directly over him appears a wench at a wicket, probably drawn there to have a view of the march; but is diverted from her first intention by the appearance of another object directly under her eye, which seems to ingross her whole attention.

" Behind the drummer, under the sign of the Adam and Eve, are a group of figures, two of which are engaged in the fashionable art of bruising: their equal dexterity is shewn by *sewed-up peepers* on one side, and *a pate well-sconced* on the other. And here the painter has shewn his impartiality to the merit of our *noble youths* (whose minds, inflamed with love of glory, appear not only encouragers of this truly laudable science, but many of them are also great proficients in the art itself) by introducing a Youth of Quality,* whose face is expressive of those boisterous passions necessary for forming a hero of this kind, and who, entering deep into the scene, endeavours to inspire the combatants with a noble contempt of bruises and broken bones. An old woman, moved by a foolish compassion, endeavours to force through the crowd, and part the fray, in which design she is stopped by a fellow, who prefers fun and mischief to humanity. Above their heads appears a little man † of meager frame, but full of spirits, who enjoys the combat, and with fists clenched, in imagination deals blow for blow with the heroes. This figure is finely contrasted by a heavy sluggish fellow just behind. The painter, with a stroke of humour peculiar to himself, has exhibited a figure shrinking under the load of a heavy box upon his back, who, preferring curiosity to ease, is a spectator, and waits in this uneasy state the issue of the combat. Upon

* This is supposed to have been Lord Albemarle Bertie, whom we have already seen in the *Cockpit Royal.* Vide page 134.

† The real or nick-name of this man, who was by trade a cobler, is said to have been *Jocky James.*

a board next the sign, where roots, flowers, &c. were said to be sold, the painter has humorously altered the words, and wrote thereon *Tottenham-Court Nursery*, alluding to a bruising-booth in this place, and the group of figures underneath.

" Passing through the turnpike, appears a carriage laden with the implements of war, as drums, halberts, tent-poles, and hoop-petticoats. Upon the carriage are two old women campaigners, funking their pipes, and holding a conversation, as usual, in fire and smoke. These grotesque figures afford a fine contrast to a delicate woman upon the same carriage, who is suckling a child. This excellent figure evidently proves, that the painter is as capable of succeeding in the graceful style as in the humorous. A little boy lies at the feet of this figure; and the painter, to shew him of martial breed, has placed a small trumpet in his mouth.

" The serious group of the principal figures in the centre, is finely relieved by a scene of humour on the left. Here an officer has seized a milk-wench, and is kissing her in a manner excessively lewd, yet not unpleasing to the girl, if her eye is a proper interpreter of her affections: while the officer's ruffles suffer in this action, the girl pays her price, by an arch soldier, who, in her absence of attention to her pails, is filling his hat with milk, and, by his waggish eye, seems also to partake of the kissing scene. A chimney-sweeper's boy with glee puts in a request to the soldier, to supply him with a cap-full, when his own turn is served; while another soldier points out the fun to a fellow selling pyes, who, with an inimitable face of simple

joy, neglects the care of his goods, which the soldier dexterously removes with his other hand. In the figure of the pye-man, the pencil has exceeded description——here the sounding epithets of *prodigious —excellent—wonderful*—and all the other terms used by connoisseurs (when speaking of the beauties of an old picture, where the objects must have lain in eternal obscurity, if not conjured out to the apprehension of the spectator, by the magic of unintelligible description) are too faint to point out its real merit.

"The old soldier divested of one spatter-dash, and near losing the other, and knocked down by all-potent gin, upon calling for t'other cogue, his waggish comrade, supporting him with one hand, endeavours to pour water into his mouth with the other, which the experienced old one rejects with disdain, puts up his hand to his wife, who bears the arms and gin-bottle, and who, well acquainted with his taste, is filling a quartern. And here the painter exhibits a sermon upon the excessive use of spirituous liquors, and the destructive consequences attending it: for the soldier is not only rendered incapable of his duty, but (what is shocking to behold) a child begot and conceived in gin, with a countenance emaciated, extends its little arms with great earnestness, and wishes for that liquor, which it seems well acquainted with the taste of. And here, not to dwell wholly upon the beauties of this print, I must mention an absurdity discovered by a professed connoisseur in painting—'Can there,' says he, 'be a greater absurdity than the introducing a couple of chickens so near such a crowd—and not only so—but see—their direction is to go to objects

it is natural for them to shun—is this knowledge of nature?—absurd to the last degree!'——And here, with an air of triumph, ended our judicious critic. But how great was his surprise, when it was discovered to him, that the said chickens were in pursuit of the hen, which had made her escape into the pocket of a sailor.

"Next the sign-post is an honest tar, throwing up his hat, crying 'God bless King George!' Before him is an image of drunken loyalty, who, with his shirt out of his breeches, and bayonet in his hand, vows destruction on the heads of the rebels. A fine figure of a speaking old woman, with a basket upon her head, will upon view tell you what she sells. A humane soldier, perceiving a fellow hard-loaded with a barrel of gin upon his back, and stopped by the crowd, with a gimblet bores a hole in the head of the cask, and is kindly easing him of a part of his burthen. Near him is the figure of a fine gentleman in the army. As I suppose the painter designed him without character, I shall therefore only observe, that he is a very pretty fellow; and happily the contemplation of his own dear person guards him from the attempts of the wicked woman on his right hand. Upon the right hand of this *petit maitre* is a licentious soldier rude with a girl, who screams and wreaks her little vengeance upon his face, whilst his comrade is removing off some linen which hangs in his way.

"You will pardon the invention of a new term—I shall include the whole King's Head in the word *Cattery*, the principal figure of which is a noted fat Covent Garden lady,* who, with pious eyes cast up

* This figure is designed for Mother Douglas of the Piazza.

to Heaven, prays for the army's success, and the safe return of many of her babes of grace. An officer offers a letter to one of this lady's children, who rejects it; possibly not liking the cause her spark is engaged in, or, what is more probable, his not having paid for her last favour. Above her, a charitable girl is throwing a shilling to a cripple; while another kindly administers a cordial to her companion, as a sure relief against reflection. The rest of the windows are full of the like cattle; and upon the house-top appear three cats, just emblems of the creatures below, but more harmless in their amorous encounter."*

To elucidate a circumstance in this justly-celebrated performance, Mr Nichols informs us,† "that near Tottenham Court Nursery was the place where the famous Broughton's amphitheatre for boxing was erected. It has been since taken down, having been rendered useless by the justices not permitting such kind of diversions. This will account for the appearance of the bruisers at the left-hand corner of the print." To the dramatic effect of this picture, an accomplished scholar, the late Arthur Murphy, Esq. has borne the following testimony:

"Some æra may arrive, when, through the instability of the English language, the style of Joseph Andrews and Tom Jones shall be obliterated,—when the characters shall be unintelligible, and the humour lose its relish; but the many personages which the

* Originally printed in "The Student," vol. ii. p. 162.—There is likewise another explanation in "The Old Woman's Magazine," vol. i. p. 182.

† Nichols's Hogarth, vol. i. p. 168.

manner-painting hand of Hogarth has called forth into mimic life, will not fade so soon from the canvass; and that *admirable picturesque comedy*, THE MARCH TO FINCHLEY, will perhaps divert posterity as long as the *Foundling Hospital* shall do honour to the British Nation."*

* Gray's Inn Journal, vol. i. No. 20.

CREDULITY, SUPERSTITION,

AND

FANATICISM.

MOTTO.

1 *John, Chapter* iv. *Verse* 1.

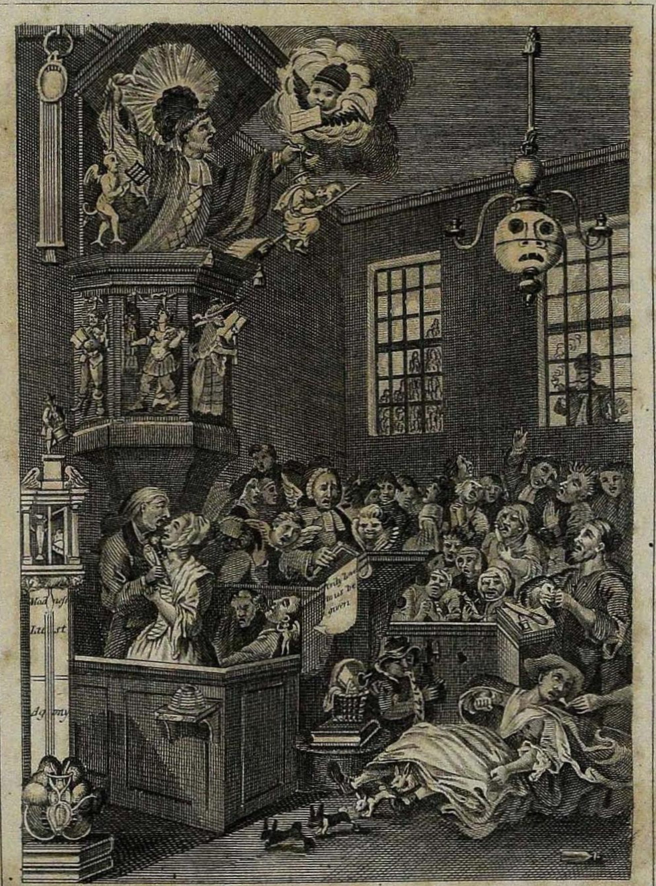
" Believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God; because many false prophets are gone out into the world."

Every attentive observer of the history of man must be struck with the ample portion occupied by the details of superstitious practices. In ancient times the heathen temples supplied abundant materials, under the auspices of the priests, for imposing on the credulity of the uninformed: and, though the progress of philosophy and science has contributed to dispel the mists of ignorance, yet the annals of our own time have furnished melancholy proof of credulity and enthusiasm. To ridicule certain extraordinary occurrences that savoured of the marvellous, was the design of the print now under consideration.

By the thermometer on the left, which is fixed in a human heart, the satirist probably designs to

PL. LIII.

CREDULITY & SUPERSTITION.



Hogarth del. *T. Clerk sculp.*

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intimate that lukewarmness in religion is the foundation of all the excess here delineated; he has placed it upright on a volume of the late Mr John Wesley's Sermons and Glanville's Book of Witches.* When the liquid in the tube *ascends*, it progressively rises from the degree of *Lukewarm* to *Love heat*, and thence to *Lust*, *Ecstacy*, and *Madness*. In its *descent* the blood falls from *Lukewarm* to *Lowness of Spirits*, and thence to *Sorrow*, *Agony*, *Grief*, and *Despair*, which leads to madness, and sometimes to suicide.

The upper part of this thermometer is decorated with a representation of the *Cock-Lane Ghost* knocking to the girl in bed, which is crowned by the drummer of Tedworth. These are selected from among the many instances of English credulity which the artist might have perpetuated: and as the events to which they refer may, perhaps, be unknown, except, at least, by hearsay, to some of our readers, we shall for their information subjoin a few particulars concerning them.

* Of the late Mr Wesley's sentiments this is not the place to take notice. His character, though often assailed by calumny, will ever remain unsullied. What he believed to be "*the whole truth and nothing but the truth*," he faithfully taught; his integrity and simplicity of manners, and the great *moral reformation* he *was* instrumental in producing among two most numerous branches of the community, (who had till then been notorious for immorality and disorder,) the miners and colliers of Cornwall, Somersetshire, and Staffordshire, *these* have placed him very high in the scale of public benefactors.—Glanville was the very apostle of credulity. He flourished towards the close of the seventeenth century, and published a Treatise on Witchcraft, replete with absurdities, which seem to have rendered it a marvellous favourite with the credulous, for it has repeatedly been printed.

At the time this print was published (the year 1762) the metropolis was greatly amused by a family in *Cock-Lane, West Smithfield*, a child of which (a girl about twelve years old) pretended to be continually haunted, while in bed, by the knocking and scratching of some invisible agent against the wainscot of whatever room she might be in; which noise resembled that a living person could make with his fingers. So artfully was the imposture contrived, and so successfully was it carried on for a considerable length of time, that it attracted general attention, and the notice (among the rest) of several of the clergy, who *supposed* it to be something supernatural, and, for a long time, asked the ghost a variety of questions, which they fancied it answered, in the affirmative or negative, by certain determinate knocks! Among others, our great moralist, the author of the Rambler, was duped by this ridiculous imposture, concerning which much amusing information may be collected from the periodical publications of that day.

The adventure of the *drummer of Tedworth* is of somewhat more remote a date; and happened in the year 1661, at a Mr Mompesson's, at *Tedworth*, in the county of Wilts. The following is an outline of the facts. An idle fellow, a drummer, had been itinerating the country under the authority of a feigned pass which he had obtained from some neighbouring magistrate, which pass Mr Mompesson discovered to be false. He consequently punished the man, and took away his drum, which Mr M. deposited in his own house. For two or three years after this

his house was beset, and the whole family were tormented, by a continual drumming. To such a degree at length did this increase as to acquire considerable notoriety; many clergymen came to the spot, and (by direction of Charles II.) some persons were specially commissioned to investigate the matter. The drummer was apprehended, and tried for a *wizard* at the assizes at Salisbury, but was only punished with *transportation for life*. This was a merciful sentence compared with the sanguinary punishments inflicted on the numerous hapless persons of that century who were *convicted of sorcery and witchcraft.** To return to the subjects of the plate itself.

The magic power of spells was at one time universally believed, and of this belief vestiges even now remain in some of the provinces. In allusion to this circumstance, Hogarth has introduced a bewitched shoe-black † vomiting up hobnails, crooked pins, &c. In his hands is put a bottle, in which he is represented as having attempted to confine the

* We could, if our limits permitted, give many anecdotes of the unfortunate persons who were thus legally massacred both in England and America. It may be observed, that Addison's farce of "*The Drummer*" was founded on the circumstances above related.

† Mr Ireland (Hogarth Illustrated, vol. ii. p. 190) thinks this figure was intended for the boy of Bilson, who swallowed as many tenpenny nails as would have furnished an ironmonger's shop. This youth (who in his day deceived a whole county) was only thirteen years old: his extraordinary fits and agitations induced those who saw him to believe he was bewitched and was demoniacally possessed. The curious reader may find a full account of this imposition in the "*Complete History of England,*" *vol. ii. p.* 710, 711, and also in the "*Biographia Britannica,*" *vol. v.* Article MORTON.

evil spirit; but the *foul fiend*, being of an aërial nature, has forced out the cork and made its escape. The basket stands upon King James the First's Treatise on Demonology, and in it is a volume of Mr Whitfield's Journals.

Next to the possessed shoe-black, in the foreground of this plate, lies the celebrated Mary Tofts, the notorious rabbit-breeder of Godalming, in Surrey. She is here represented in all the pangs of labour, with some friendly hand offering her a glass of cordial, which she has broken with her teeth in the violence of her paroxysms. The rabbits are in the act of scampering away. This impostor, in the year 1726, *pretended* that she *bred rabbits*, and so far imposed on two surgeons as to prevail on them to espouse her cause. The attention of royalty was at length attracted, and King George I. sent down Sir William Manningham, one of his physicians, to investigate the matter, which he soon found to be an infamous imposture.

The preacher is not the least conspicuous of the various personages here grouped together. Agitated to very fury, we see him thundering away with such strength of lungs as already has cracked the sounding-board; and so *convulsed* is his action, that his gown flies open, and displays this pulpit orator arrayed in a harlequin's jacket; his wig, fallen off, discovers him (by his shaven crown) to be a Jesuit in disguise. The text written on his book (*I speak as a fool*) is characteristic of the folly of the man who attempts to convince weak minds by terror alone. In one hand, he holds out the figure of a witch suck-

ling an incubus,* and flying on a broomstick : and in the other he extends a devil carrying a gridiron, as a terror to the wicked. On his right side hangs the *Scale of Vociferation*, on the bottom of which is inscribed " *Natural Tone* :" this instrument is regularly graduated, and ascends to the highest possible key, which is inscribed *Bull Roar*. On the left side, something like a cherub (decorated with a post-boy's cap on his head) is flying towards the preacher, bearing a letter addressed to *Saint Money-trap*, thereby intimating that interest is his principal object.

The ornaments of the pulpit are perfectly in unison. The three figures which are introduced allude to the three well-known stories of apparitions, viz. the apparition which warned Sir George Villiers of the duke of Buckingham's danger from Felton ;† the ghost of Julius Cæsar reproaching Brutus ;‡ and the ghost of Mrs Veal appearing to Mrs Bargrave.§

Equally in character is the audience of the preacher above described. They are in every possible attitude of admiration, pity, sorrow, grief, ecstacy, and

* In the days of superstition and folly, it was said, and believed, that the familiar, with whom a witch converses, sucks her right breast in the shape of a little dun cat as smooth as a mole ; and that when this incubus had sucked *quantum sufficit*, the witch was in a kind of trance !

† Related by Lord Clarendon.

‡ This may be seen in any of the Histories of Rome.

§ The particulars of this marvellous apparition may be found in the preface to Drelincourt's " Consolations against the Fear of Death ;" a book not ill written, but which is woefully marred by the admission of such prefatory trash, which has been ascribed to the pen of De Foe.

horror. Observe the clerk (whose piteous face might vie with that of the Knight of the *Rueful Countenance*) with a crying cherub on either side, whining out the hymns. The following extract from one in Mr Whitfield's collection hangs from the clerk's desk:

> "Only Love to us be given,
> Lord! we ask no other Heav'n."

Behold in the back-ground a lay-preacher pointing a poor despairing wretch, whose hair stands erect with terror, to the branch suspended above them, and which is here described as a horrid infernal head, whose rotundity is designed to represent a *globe of hell as newly drawn by R——ne* (*Romaine*). The front of this branch is disposed into a face: round one of the eyes is inscribed *Molten Lead Lake;* round the other, *Bottomless Pitt;* on the line across the face, *Horrid Zone;* on one cheek, *Parts unknown;* on the other, *Brimstone Ocean;* round the mouth, *Eternal Damnation Gulph;* and on the little sphere above, *Desarts of New Purgatory!* We turn with disgust from this assemblage of horrible epithets to the other parts of the picture, which have not yet been noticed.

On the right side of the plate a Jew is delineated leaning upon an altar, on which lies a knife: he is in the act of *sacrificing* an unfortunate insect which had been trespassing on his head. Opposite, beneath the pulpit, are two persons in an ecstacy: the man is depositing the waxen model of a *saint* or *saintess*

in the bosom of his fair companion, who seems disposed to meet his fervid advances. On the side of the pew appears the poor's-box in the shape of a *mouse-trap*, which manifestly declares that whatever money is there deposited will be secured beyond the possibility of *recapture.*

In the same pew also, probably with the view of showing that, amid all this terror, so callous and so buried in the lethargy of sin are the hearts of some persons, that no alarm can *arouse* them, Hogarth has introduced one of this congregation fast asleep, and a little Satanic imp, envious of his calm slumbers, is in the act of whispering in his ear that he may awake and participate in the execrations which the preacher dispenses with profuse liberality.

To complete the whole, a Turk is drawn looking in at the window, smoking his pipe with perfect tranquillity. Raising his eyes with amazement at the scene, he utters a grateful ejaculation: "If this be Christianity (says he) GREAT PROPHET! I thank thee that I am a Mahommedan!"

For deep and useful satire Lord Orford has pronounced this to be the most useful of all our artist's productions. Hogarth had most abundant scope for the exercise of his inventive powers; which unquestionably did not desert him on this occasion. But the most *rational* observer (we think) must admit that he has perhaps overstepped *the modesty of nature.* Besides, it *ought* to be considered that misguided fanatics (and some such may now be found to exist,) ought to be regarded rather as beings to be pitied, instructed, and set right, than to be trampled

on as reptiles, to be hunted down wherever they are met as noxious beasts, or as fair game for *every* species of insult, ribaldry, and abuse. The late Dr PALEY has an admirable passage on this subject, with which we shall close our description of the present picture. Speaking of levity in religious matters, he says,

" The turn which this usually takes is in jests and raillery upon the opinions, or the peculiarities, or the persons of men of particular sects, or who bear particular names, especially if they happen to be more *serious* than ourselves; and of late this *loose*, and I can hardly help calling it *profane humour*, has been directed chiefly against the followers of Methodism. But against whomsoever it happens to be pointed, it has all the bad effects both upon the speaker and the hearer which we have noticed; and as in other instances, so in this, give me leave to say, that it is very much misplaced. In the first place, were the doctrines and sentiments of those who bear this name ever so foolish and extravagant, (I do not say that they are either) this proposition I will always maintain to be true, viz. that the *wildest* opinion that ever was entertained in matters of religion, is more *rational* than *unconcern* about these matters. Upon this subject nothing is so absurd as indifference, no folly so contemptible as thoughtlessness and levity. In the next place, do the Methodists deserve this treatment? Be their particular doctrines what they may, the professors of these doctrines appear to be in earnest about them: and a man *who* IS IN EARNEST *about religion cannot be a bad man*, still less a fit

subject for derision. I am no methodist myself; in their leading doctrines I differ from them. But I contend, that sincere men are not, for these, or indeed any other doctrines, to be made laughing-stocks to others.*

* Paley's Sermons, p. 20.

BEFORE AND AFTER.

TWO PLATES.

THESE plates were entirely omitted by the editor of "Hogarth Moralized," they being of too ludicrous a nature to have a place in his work:* and Mr Ireland seems to doubt their legitimacy.

It is immaterial to know for *whom* these pictures were painted; Hogarth is said to have repented of having engraved them. Mr Nichols adds, on the authority of the late celebrated commentator on Shakspeare, Mr Steevens, that "almost every possessor of his works will wish they had been withheld from the public, as often as he is obliged to shew the volume that contains them to ladies. To omit them is to mutilate the collection; to pin the leaves on which they are pasted together, is a circumstance that tends only to provoke curiosity; and to display them, would be to set decency at defiance. The painter who indulges himself or his employers in such representations will forfeit the general praise he might have gained by a choice of less offensive subjects."†

* "Hogarth Moralized," (Advertisement.)

† Nichols's Hogarth, vol. i. p. 87.

BEFORE

PL. LIV.

Hogarth del.t *T. Clerk sculp.t*

London Published as the Act directs by Robert Scholey 46 Paternoster Row.

PL. LV.

AFTER

Hogarth del.

T. Clerk sculp.

London Published as the Act directs by Robert Scholey 46 Paternoster Row.

He must have had no common influence over the artist (whether he were a nobleman or a private individual) who could prevail on him to execute such a subject proposed to him from the ideas of others. Like Shakspeare's Tully,

> " ——— he would never follow any thing
> That other men began." *

The hero of these pieces is said to have been designed for a late lord-chief-justice, whose name it is not perhaps necessary to mention.

* Nichols's Hogarth, vol. i. p. 87.

END OF VOL. I.

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